



THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 15 April 1959



LONDON
SEASON
NUMBER

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Andrew Sinclair: **SEX & THE SEASON**
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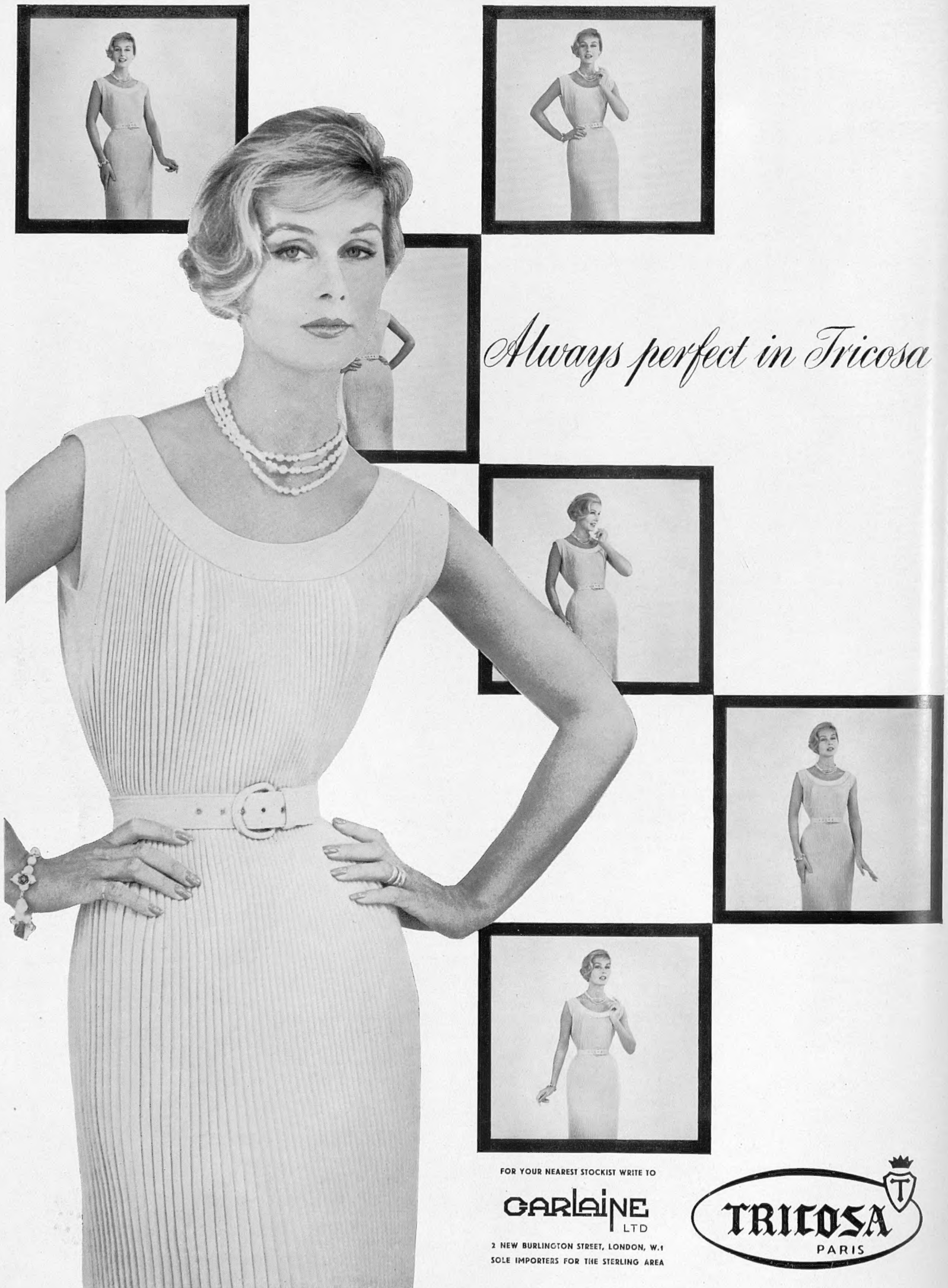


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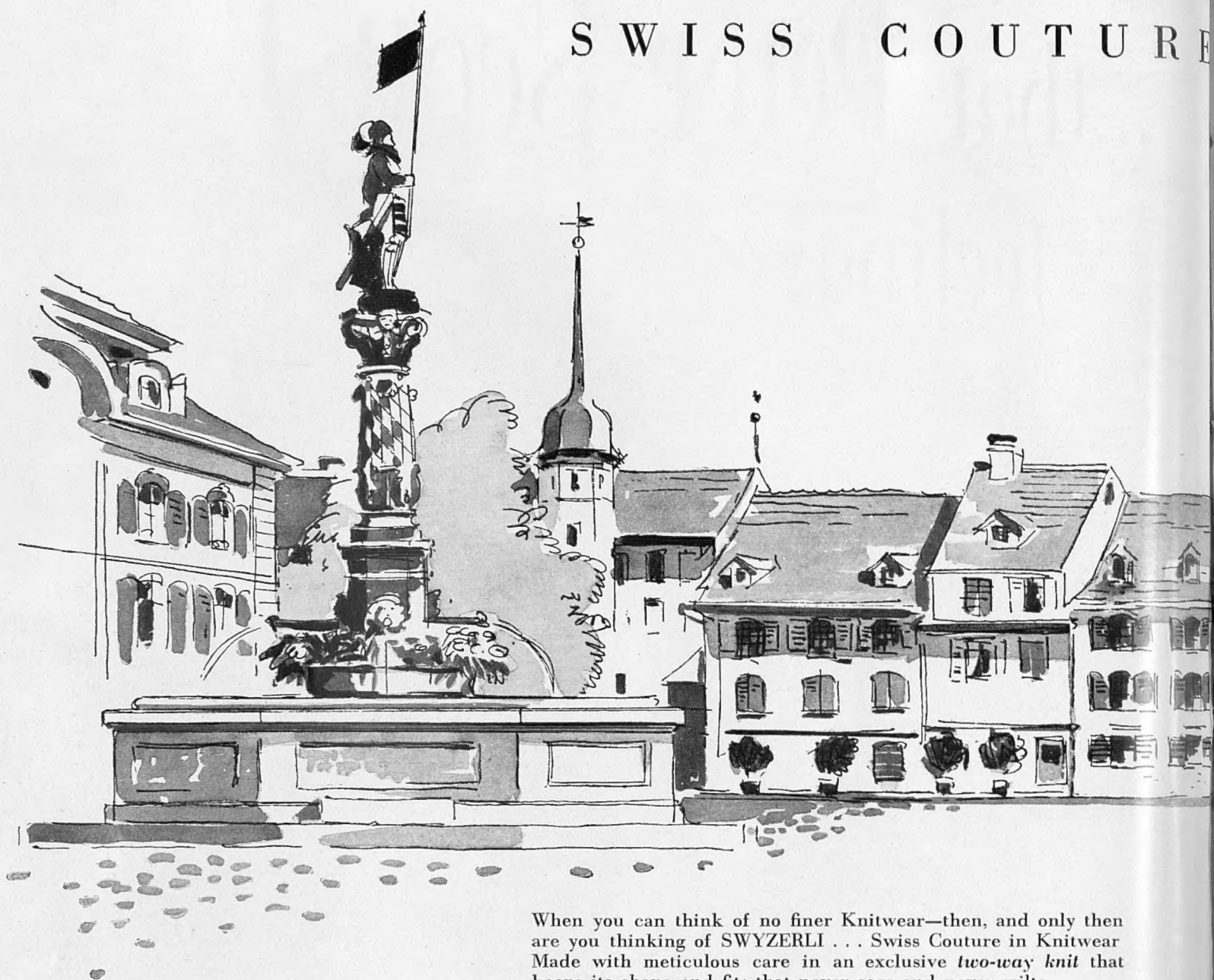
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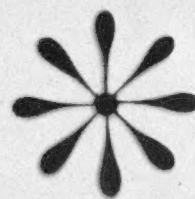
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Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THE illusion of Merrie England in a vanished golden age depends largely on a vague recollection of mops, fairs and feasts, many of which were little better than slave-marts. We are probably much gayer today, with festivals springing up on all sides as the weather gets warmer.

First to the **Pitlochry Festival**, in the geographical centre of Scotland (25 April-3 Oct.). Founded in 1951, this ambitious event has ceased to be a venture and has become an

establishment. Six widely contrasted plays are being given by a vigorous young company (on a stage wider than Covent Garden's), also concerts and art exhibitions.

Next month there is the **Warwick Festival** (7-10 May) and the **Glyndebourne Opera Festival** (28 May-16 August), while June opens with distant St. Ives, Cornwall, taking "**A Town On Show**" as the theme of its carnival week (1-6). London's own **Purcell-Handel Festival** (8-27) is full of promise, with concerts, revivals, massed choirs and special broadcasts. *The Faery Queen* in the Victoria & Albert sounds par-

ticularly inviting. Then follows the **Llandaff Cathedral Festival** (14-20), and the **Aldeburgh Festival**, so closely associated with Benjamin Britten (19-28). In July comes the **Cheltenham Festival** of British Contemporary Music (6-17), and the **Haslemere Festival** (18-25) where the Dolmetsch family are presiding geniuses.

After a holiday pause, the biggest cultural gun of all opens fire, the **Edinburgh Festival** (23 August-12 Sept.) and, concurrently, the oldest and most celebrated in the south, the **Three Choirs Festival**, this year at Gloucester (6-11 Sept.).

Followers of the amateur "fancy" should go to Wembley on 24 April, when the **A.B.A. Championships** will be held at the Empire Pool. And *aficionados* of another, almost equally sporting contest, Ancient v. Modern Art, can go to the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street, where a selection of the works of **Man Ray**, one of the most ardent snipers at accepted values, is on view until 25 April.

The **Red Hat Ball** will be held this year on 29 April, in the big ballroom at Grosvenor House. Tickets, £2 10s., include a four-course dinner, and can be had from Mrs. Corbally, 58 Beaufort Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.3. While a **Cup Night Ball** to help the Cheshire branch of S.S.A.F.A. is being given (6 May) at The Dale, Chester, in Chester Race Week. Tickets at £2 12s. 6d. (after 22 April £2 17s. 6d.) include champagne and supper; from Lady Baker Wilbraham, Rode Hall, Scholar Green, Cheshire.

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Wolf's Clothing (Strand Theatre). "... Mr. Horne's farcical comedy

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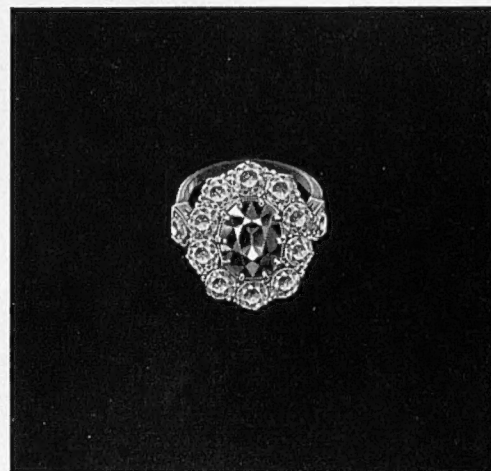
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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

Round the clock in Copenhagen

by DOONE BEAL

EVERYONE KNOWS that Copenhagen is one of Europe's great pleasure capitals. Having enjoyed it so much on a recent visit I do deplore its misleading label of *Paris of the North*: the open-air café life (common, after all, to many European cities), begins and ends any possible comparison.

The city, with its cobbled harbour-side streets and canals, its ships' masts, slender green copper spires, its statues and fountains, has areas of great charm and an entirely indigenous appeal. Its gaiety is no myth—boisterous, spontaneous and slightly naïve, but temperamentally quite un-Gallic.

The Danes are punctual to the minute for any rendezvous, but apart from this consideration you can virtually forget the time. This is one of Copenhagen's most potent charms: unlike some of the rest of Scandinavia, you can eat—or drink—around the clock. Thirty-five restaurants stay open until 5 a.m., and another batch opens at this time for the benefit of those who work—or play—all night (should you happen on a café at this time of the morning, you will see members of both camps, appropriately garbed).

In terms of night clubs, do not expect the Four Hundred or the El Morocco touch, nor the dark little Latin *boite*. The Adlon and Valencia—two of the best known—are large, with big dance floors, cabaret, an orchestra of some volume and lots of light. Many

people order beer or even coffee, and it is the custom to sustain oneself with an open sandwich after midnight. Night club prices do not apply for liquor, but whisky and gin are expensive wherever you drink them—sometimes as much as 8 kroner (the kroner being worth a shilling).

The standard of food is uniformly high; at its best, in my opinion, in the traditional dishes of smoked or pickled salmon, all sea food, and the eye-appealing open sandwiches. So you pick your restaurant rather for its atmosphere or the price you want to pay, than for any vast difference in the quality of the food itself. The docks probe into the heart of the city and one is rather drawn to the prospect of dining with a view. One of my favourites where the food is exceptionally good and both service and surrounding well into the luxury class, is the top floor room of the Codan Hotel, with a quite hypnotic sight of the ship and harbour.

Another waterside place in the luxury class is the Langelinie Pavillon attached to the Royal Danish Yacht Club (here prices are on the heavy side, at around 12 kroner a dish). It is an elegant and crowded lunch rendezvous, looking out to sea and facing the big shipyard of Burmeister & Wain (who, incidentally, have a unique museum of ships' engines, open to the public).

One of the most picturesque areas of the city is Nyhavn—which is

continued on page 116



Copenhagen's Christiansborg Palace, seat of the Danish Parliament

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PASSPORT *continued*

virtually an arm of the docks, with streets running along either side into the King's New Square. It is strictly a sailors' street, lined with tattoo shops and old, multi-coloured buildings. It houses a number of bars into which you are best escorted by a local because they can be, as an American put it, "plenty rough." However, there is an interesting café-restaurant called Faergekroen, above one of the sailors' bars, where they do expect visitors. You share huge oak trestle tables, dine by the light of a guttering candle; prices are from 6 kroner a dish, and incidental music is provided by the accordion down below. Overlooking the fish market, and Christiansborg Palace across the water, is Fiskerhuset, a Copenhagen favourite where they serve anything that swims.

The variety of restaurants is altogether kaleidoscopic, and for a somewhat Bohemian evening go to Galatea, in Kompagnistræde, whose patrons range from students to cabinet ministers. It is uncomfortable, gregarious, noisy and dimly lit, but fun—full of bottles of spices, pieces of Viking ships, and images from the south Pacific (it was the headquarters of a sailing expedition). You can spend an evening here for 20 kroner including wine, beer, liqueur, coffee and excellent food.

Seven Nations, beating undeniably for the tourist but with good food and first-class cocktails, is quite an amusing exercise in a variety of international décor—the Greenland Room, for instance, is hung and upholstered in polar bear hide, with an igloo stove.

Coq d'Or, one of the best conventional places, is classic French with neither music nor gimmicks, and best for lunch. The Terminus, a Savoy among railway hotels, has an elegant and excellent restaurant. Or, for a late dinner, try the Ambassador—plushy and rather expensive, with dancing and cabaret.

To find your way around Copenhagen, you need to trust to hope and instinct. One street can change its name three times in its course, and written names bear little relation to their phonetic pronunciation. Fortunately, almost anyone can direct you in English and the city is not big enough to get far off the track—but losing your way can be most rewarding.

In the old part, shops are both below and above pavement level so that one window-shops in a

perpetual curtsey. There are some charming but price-conscious antiques in the main shopping district, but off-centre in Adelgade and Borgergade (the nearest thing you will see in Copenhagen to a slum), are junk shops that still yield up bargains.

Also, you need either a weighty bank balance—mink is superb and comparatively cheap—or a furniture van, to bring back the best that Copenhagen's shops have to offer. But you can compromise on china, lovely glass and kitchen things at just half the London prices. There are numerous shops in which to buy them.

You might look first at the Permanent Sales Exhibition, in which are represented all the designers, new and established, of china, glass, textiles and ceramics. In this connection, a visit to the Louisiana Museum (half an hour outside the city) is really worth the journey, and I can recommend it even to hardened anti-sightseers. Long, low glass corridors lead from a neo-classical building across lawns and around a gigantic tree to the exhibition rooms of Danish painting, sculpture, applied art and architecture, which are shown in relationship to each other. It is a new, adventurous exhibition. You can sit down (and smoke) in each gallery, leave your children in a room specially equipped for them with chalks, paint and paper, and have sandwiches and beer, or wine, looking towards the distant Swedish coast. Knud Jensen, whose dream it was, has given it to the nation.

Copenhagen is a highly art-conscious city. The national idol is, of course, Margaret Schanne of the Royal Danish Ballet. There is also the opera at the Royal Theatre—a properly ornate and decorative 19th-century building. The Festival of Drama, Ballet and Music opens on 17 May until 31, with Stravinsky conducting some of his own works.

The only price sting in this gay and charming city is the cost of liquor. Scandinavian Airlines offer for sale, on all their flights, Dior perfume as well as cigarettes and whisky, at 30 kroner a bottle. It costs double that to buy locally, and cigarettes and perfume are all sold at approximate U.K. prices, so it is as well to take full advantage of the offer. S.A.S. will shortly operate their new Caravelle jet service between Copenhagen and Stockholm, the flight taking just one hour. Next year, it will be in operation to Copenhagen from England.



The fish market
on the Gamle
Strand in
Copenhagen

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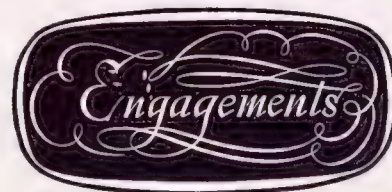
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Miss Eugénie Marion Louise de Rouet to Mr. Robert James Tickler: *She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Louis de Rouet, Eaton Square, S.W.1. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Tickler, Frimley Hall, Camberley, Surrey*



Miss Muriel Rust Robinson to Mr. Garry Allden: *She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Robinson & of Mrs. Robinson, Mansion Gardens, Evesham. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Percy Allden, Newmarket*



Miss Valerie Clare Collins to Mr. Peter Wyatt Bedford: *She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Walton Collins, Mullins House, Dibden Purlieu. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. David Bedford, Weston Patrick, Basingstoke*



Miss Glenna Critchley to Mr. David Campbell: *She is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. & Mrs. Critchley. He is the son of the late Col. & Mrs. H. Campbell*



Miss Penelope Moltano to Count Claes Henric Lewenhaupt (above, right): *She is the daughter of Mr. Donald Jervis Moltano. He is the son of Count Claes Adam Lewenhaupt of Malmo, Sweden*



Miss Diana Davis to Mr. Humphrey Fisher (right): *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. Beresford Davis. He is the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury*

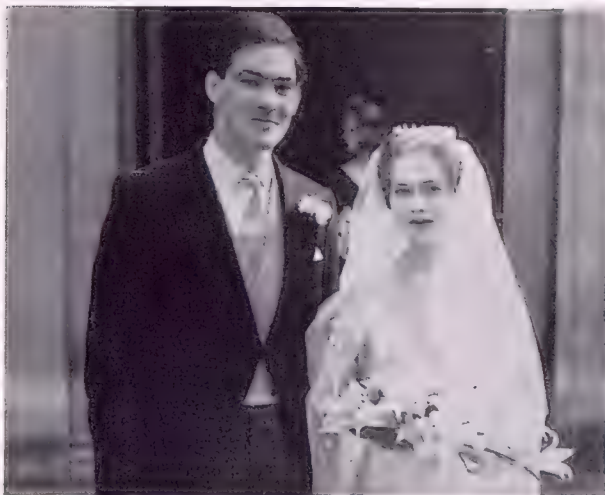
In our issue of 1 April, the captions to the three engagement pictures (above) unfortunately became transposed. Our apologies to all concerned

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Left: Molson—Baxter: Miss Cynthia Molson, daughter of Mr. T. H. P. Molson & Mrs. H. G. Lafleur, married Mr. Clive Baxter, son of Sir Beverley & Lady Baxter, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal



Milne—Burgess: Miss Susan Milne, daughter of Mr. D. H. Milne, Lower Dean Manor, Northleach, Gloucestershire, and Mrs. Thomas Fairley, Kensington Place, W.8, married Mr. John Burgess, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Burgess, Parkfield Avenue, Amersham, Bucks, at St. James's, Piccadilly

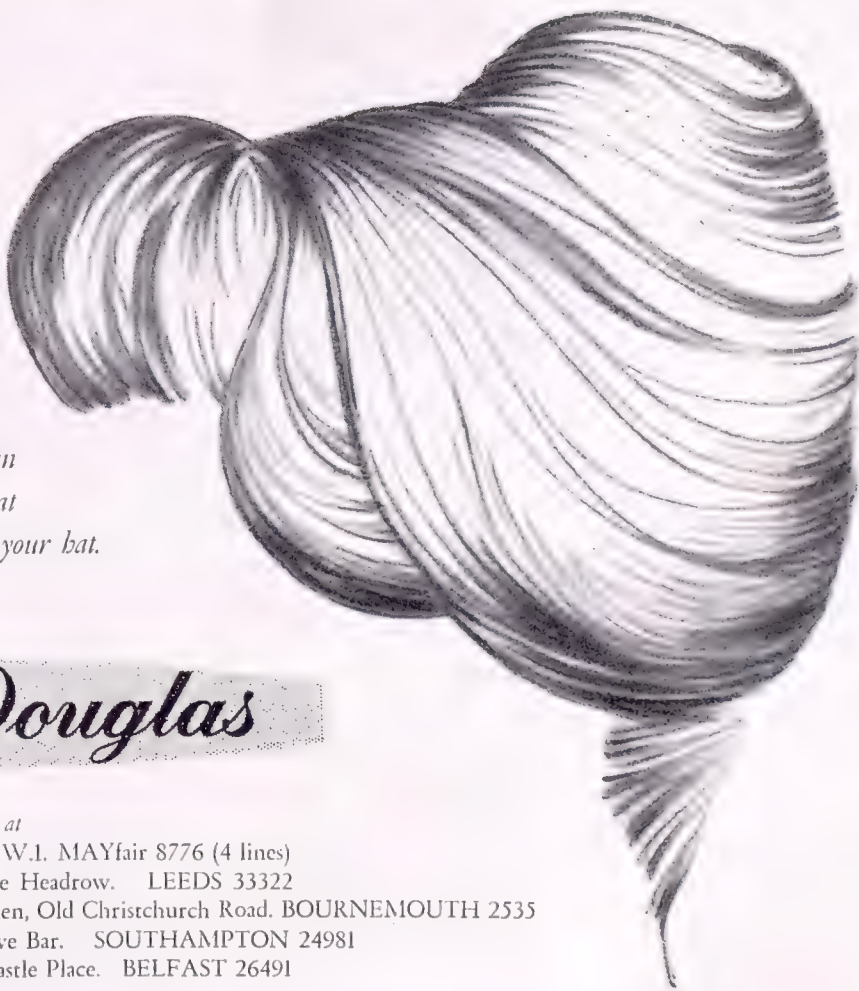


Pateras—Dracoulis: Miss Mitsa Pateras, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stephanos N. Pateras, married Mr. George H. Dracoulis, son of Mme. & the late Mr. H. Dracoulis, Avenua Amalias, Athens, at the Greek Church, Bayswater

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Capt. Everard de Lisle and his bride cut the cake at the reception held at Londonderry House. The bride, formerly the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, is the daughter of Viscount & Viscountess Ingleby. Jennifer reports the wedding on page 124



THE
Tatler
& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXII No. 3014

15 April 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: The Queen and Prince Philip in colour—a new picture taken for the coming royal tour of Canada. Photographic feature on Montreal, one of the cities they will visit. Also: *The Royal College of Surgeons*, exclusive pictures taken inside this world-famous institution by Gerti Deutsch

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Barry Swaabe

SOCIAL JOURNAL

April wedding carillon in the West End

by JENNIFER

APRIL HAS LIVED UP TO ITS REPUTATION as the favourite month for spring brides. I recently attended four weddings in two days and another on a third day. The first was solemnized at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, when Capt. William Stockton of the Royal Scots Greys, only son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. Stockton, married Miss Pamela Ann Wilmot, daughter of the late Sir Arthur Wilmot & Mrs. C. F. Cathcart.

The bride, pretty in a dress of white Swiss voile, with a shoulder length tulle veil held in place by a coronet of stephanotis and white rosebuds, was given away by her brother Sir Robert Wilmot. Lord Burghersh was a splendid page in the dress uniform of the Royal Scots Greys. There were two child bridesmaids, Anna and Christian Surtees, and six older bridesmaids, Miss Deirdre Tuckett, Miss Felicia Franklyn, Princess Anna Salm-Salm, Miss Mariota Menzies of Menzies, Miss Sarah Matheson and Miss Matilda MacIntyre who wore unusual and attractive blue and white striped voile dresses and floral headdresses.

The bride's mother, looking nice in blue and white printed silk with a hat to match, received the guests with the bride's step-father and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stockton at the reception at

the Hyde Park Hotel. Among the guests were the Duke of Kent (a brother officer of the bridegroom in the Greys), the Earl & Countess of Westmorland whose elder son and heir was page, Mrs. John Surtees, whose two children were bridesmaids, the bridegroom's sister Mrs. Geoffrey Jeffries, Mrs. Roland Findlay, and 94-year-old Mrs. Bell Irving who lives in the Border country. She was being greeted by many friends.

I also saw Lady Fortune talking to Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, Lady Rose McLaren, Lt.-Col. Nigel Weatherall, his younger son and daughter-in-law Mr. & Mrs. William Weatherall, and his daughter Mrs. John Bell Irving, Col. & Mrs. Alistair MacIntyre, Sir Charles & Lady Cooper, Miss Angela Courage, and Miss Sally Whitelaw.

An earl's son marries

From here I went on to the wedding reception at Claridge's of the Hon. Simon & Mrs. Mackay. He is the son of the late Earl of Incheape and Mrs. Francis Tompkins, and his bride, formerly Miss Joanna Hirsch, is the daughter of Major & Mrs. Jack Hirsch. They were married at St. James's, Piccadilly.



Miss Joanna S. Hirsch and her bridegroom the Hon. Simon B. Mackay, Liberal Candidate for Galloway, after their wedding at St. James's, Piccadilly

The petite and pretty bride wore a dress of pearl-tinted slipper satin, with her tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her retinue of two pages, two child bridesmaids and four older bridesmaids wore a white and yellow colour scheme. They were Robert Thirkell, Hugh Stanley Clarke, Kristina Mackay, and Georgina Bayford, with Miss Caroline Meyrick (who will be a 1960 débutante), Miss Bridget Hibbert, Miss Caroline Cuthbert and Miss Mariegold Hodgkinson.

The bride's mother was attractive in a lovely deep blue silk dress designed by Eva Lutyens and a cerise feathered hat, while the bridegroom's mother was also chic in a black organza dress with touches of white and a small white hat. The bride's uncle Col. Geoffrey Miller, down from his home on the Isle of Mull, proposed the health of the young couple and among those present to wish them happiness were the bride's father Major Hirsch, her brothers Simon & Leopold, the bridegroom's half-brother the Earl of Incheape, his half-sister Lady Patricia Fairweather, Mrs. Geoffrey Miller, Lady Stafford who had come down from Staffordshire for the day, Mrs. George Meyrick,

Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington and her daughter Fiona, the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, Lady Killearn, Mrs. Anthony Arkwright (soon off to join her husband in Cyprus), the Hon. Peter & the Hon. Mrs. Samuel and the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Samuel.

Instead of going off for a honeymoon the young couple left for Galloway, where the bridegroom was standing as Liberal candidate at the by-election.

Launching a book

After the reception I went on to a small but gay cocktail party to celebrate the publication of a new book. The host and hostess were Brig. Sir John Smyth, v.c., M.P., one of our most prolific writers, and Lady Smyth. His latest book, an autobiography called *The Only Enemy*, has just been published by Hutchinson, and I was told by those at the party who had read it, that it was excellent. During the Easter holiday Brig. Smyth finished yet another book.

I met Viscount & Viscountess Tenby (he I hear is also busy writing his life story), Air/Cdre. Jack Turner, a lifelong friend of Brig. Smyth, Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Raphael, and Mr. Charles Doughty the M.P. for East Surrey and his wife, who told me their son Mr. Charles Doughty, who married Miss Judy Gillson last December, is just back from a long honeymoon.

Mr. Harry Hodson, editor of the *Sunday Times*, was there, also Mr. & Mrs. John Davis, Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P., Mr. Tom Iremonger, M.P. for Ilford, and his wife (he had to leave early to do a broadcast), Mr. & Mrs. Colin Kingham, Mr. Douglas Bader, Mrs. John Hall (whose husband, M.P. for the Wycombe Division of Buckinghamshire, was on a mission to the Middle East), and the Rev. Ronald Smyth who has an interesting parish in one of the new towns.

Cocktails and débutantes

The first débutante cocktail party I have been to this year was an enjoyable one given at 23 Knightsbridge by Major & Mrs. Eric Dugdale for their blonde and vivacious daughter Rose, who looked sweet at her party in a pale blue wild silk dress. Her elder sister Caroline was there, also her half-brother Mr. Tim Moseley and his wife.

Among the young people present I met Miss Shanet Fitzpatrick, a charming and intelligent girl, and her brother Edward who was just home from Switzerland, Miss Jane Campbell-Orde the attractive daughter of Sir Simon & Lady Campbell-Orde, who wore a most original head-dress, Miss Sarah Drummond and her sister Philippa who came out last year, Miss Doriell Butler just back from Paris with a neat page boy coiffure, and Miss Sara Colville, blonde and petite in blue, who is having her coming-out dance in London in June.

Rose Dugdale is also having a coming-out dance in London, in July.

A bridegroom from the Blues

On the second afternoon the first wedding I attended was at Holy Trinity, Brompton, which was decorated with vases of magni-



Norton-Pratt
MARK RICHARD LESLIE (4 years),
son of Sir Alistair & Lady Denny,
Dunavon, Rhu, Dunbartonshire

ficent spring flowers. Here Capt. Everard de Lisle of the Royal Horse Guards, son of Mr. & Mrs. de Lisle of Stockerston Hall, Leicestershire, married Viscount & Viscountess Ingleby's youngest daughter, the Hon. Mary Rose Peake. The bride, who is only 18, is one of the most capable girls I have ever met, with tremendous charm, and organized a lot of the wedding herself. It was all most beautifully done.

She was given away by her father and looked radiant and extremely pretty in a dress of white satin with a diamond tiara holding her long tulle veil in place. She bravely had a retinue of tiny children as well as six older bridesmaids. The little pages Andrew Peake, Alistair Hay (who ran out at the last moment!), Richard Peake and Robert Boyle wore replicas of the dress uniform of the Royal Horse Guards of the Waterloo period. The little girls, Fiona Peake, Philippa and Juliet White and Diana Black, were in white Kate Greenaway dresses with gold coloured sashes.

The six older bridesmaids wore long white dresses with wide gold coloured sashes and all wore head-dresses of white and gold coloured spring flowers. They were the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton, Miss Margaret Pitman, Miss Lucy Beckett, Miss Marianna Peake, Miss Jennifer Jane Parkinson and Miss Margaret Ann Walker.

Guard of honour

As the bride and bridegroom left the church they walked between a guard of honour of warrant officers and N.C.O.s of the Royal Horse Guards.

The reception was at Londonderry House where the bride's parents received the long stream of guests with the bridegroom's parents. Here I met Mr. Harald & Dame Felicity Peake, whose three-year-old son Andrew had behaved impeccably in the bridal retinue, and the Hon. Lady Hardy talking to the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry. Mrs. Berry was just back from Cyprus where her husband commands the Blues, who will be returning to England in May.

Other guests were the Hon. Mrs. Pitman whose pretty daughter Margaret was a bridesmaid, Col. & Mrs. Gerald Leigh who were talking to the Marquess & Marchioness Douro, Capt. William & the Hon. Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Robert Taylor and her débutante daughter Maria, Mrs. Spencer and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory and her attractive daughter Evelyn,

Other People's Babies



Elisabeth Read

CAMILLA ROSE (6 months),
daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael
Chavasse, Minor
Canon Row, Rochester



Barry Swaabe
VISCOUNT DEERHURST (16 months),
only son of the Earl and
Countess of Coventry, Earls
Croome Court, Earls Croome, Worcester

Mrs. des Graz and Miss Lindy Guinness (one of the prettiest of this season's débutantes) escorted by Mr. Anthony Sykes who still has a leg in plaster as the result of a ski-ing accident.

The bride's sisters the Hon. Mrs. Hay and the Hon. Iris Peake were there, also the bridegroom's brother Mr. Julian de Lisle who was best man, the Countess of Gainsborough, Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, the Earl & Countess of Bective, Miss Dominic Riley-Smith and many more I have not space to mention.

The bridesmaids wore primrose

The second wedding I went to that afternoon was the marriage of Mr. John Nugent, elder son of Sir Hugh & Lady Nugent, and Miss Penelope Hanbury, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. R. N. Hanbury (pictures on p. 152). It took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, and the reception was at the Hyde Park Hotel. This bride had chosen a most original and attractive dress of white organdie with graduated horizontal tucks. Her tulle veil was held in place by a white satin band. Her eight grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Lucinda Hanbury (her sister), Miss Susan Procter, Miss Carolyn Smith, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Felicia Franklyn, Miss Deirdre Tuckett, Miss Serena Clark-Hall and Miss Clare Mount were in dresses of primrose yellow wild silk with head-dresses of variegated leaves.

The parents of both bride and bridegroom received the 600 guests at the reception, where I met the bridegroom's great-aunts Lady Robins, shortly off to Southern Rhodesia with Lord Robins for six weeks, and Mrs. Rennie with her daughter Winifred. Also Lady Mount in purple, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter and her daughter Mrs. Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Edward Barford and Mr. & Mrs. Derek Butler Adams. Among the large number of young friends who came on to the reception, as it was a late afternoon wedding, were Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Lord & Lady Farnham, Miss Sarah Johnstone, the Hon. Nicholas Hopkinson, and Mr. Ian Cameron.

Planning a double début

From here I went on to the Cavalry Club for another débutante cocktail party. This was given by Col. & Mrs. Kenneth Savill for their pretty daughter Sue who looked enchanting in red faille. Her younger sister Pamela was also there; she will be a débutante in 1960, when the two sisters will share

a coming-out dance in Hampshire. In the meantime Sue is fortunate in sharing another coming-out dance with Miss Philippa Barbour (daughter of Mrs. David Barbour) in London next October.

Philippa was among the many young friends at this happy cocktail party, also Miss Lavinia Pitman, Miss Veronica Boord, Miss Belinda Curling, Lady Lemina Gordon, Miss Caroline Griffith-Williams, Miss Philippa Hohler, and Miss Starr Anker Simmons. The young men included Lt. Anthony Claridge, R.N., who rode so well on the Cresta this season, Mr. George Jeffreys, Mr. John Pelly who has just left the 12th Lancers, Mr. James Mitchell Innes, Mr. Tim Williamson, who rides well in point-to-points, and his cousins Mr. Charles and Mr. Robert Petre.

The Aga Khan was a guest

There was an unusually large number of young friends (the girls looking gay in spring hats and head-dresses) at the wedding reception at Claridge's after the marriage at the West London Synagogue of Mr. John Golfar to Miss Joan Lawton, who was one of the most popular débutantes of 1957 (pictures on p. 153). The bride, who looked radiant in a beautiful white lace dress with silver thread, was attended by six bridesmaids in attractive dresses of primrose wild silk. They were Miss Gail Clyde, Miss Francesca Roberti, Miss Joanna Morris, Miss Joanne Cohen, and the bride's cousins Miss Diana and Miss Angela Lawton.

The bride's parents Mr. & Mrs. Kirk Lawton (Mrs. Lawton chic in *café au lait* organza) received the guests with the bridegroom's parents Mr. & Mrs. Jack Stuart Golfar. His grandmother Mrs. Rose Norris was there, also Mr. David Harris who was best man. H.H. The Aga Khan, Miss Alicia Clyde who is one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes, Mr. Graeme & the Hon. Mrs. Parish, Mr. & Mrs. Dominic Elwes, Miss Sylvia Casablancas, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling, and Prince Alexander Romanoff were other friends who attended the wedding.

A big contingent of relatives and friends of the bride had come over from America including Mr. & Mrs. Lester Goodman, Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. Covell from San Francisco, and a charming young couple Mr. & Mrs. Robert Bregman from Beverly Hills. They were married last year and told me they were going on a several months motor tour of Europe.



Fayer
GEORGINA MARY
VICTORIA (9 months),
daughter of
Mr. & Mrs. George
Grimm, Markham
Square, S.W.3



GERALDINE (4½
years) daughter
of the Hon.
Michael & Mrs.
Milner, 10 Gerald
Road, Eaton Sq.,
S.W.1

Fayer

MANDY MAE (15 months), daughter
of Mr. & Mrs. John Barnett, Norgrove,
The Bishops Avenue, N.2

Harrods





Lewis Morley



NEWS PORTRAIT

BALL PRESIDENT The Dowager Lady Howard de Walden is president of the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, a position she has filled—except for the war years—since it started. This year's ball (on 5 May at Grosvenor House) will become, in the absence of presentation parties, the opening event of the débutantes' season. Lady Howard de Walden, who was Margherita van Raalte before her marriage to the 8th Baron in 1912, has one son (the present peer), five daughters and 17 grandchildren. Before the war she was one of London's leading hostesses. She and her husband lived at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, where they gave many magnificent parties, at which Lady Howard de Walden (a leading amateur singer of the day) often sang.

Nowadays Lady Howard de Walden lives in Montagu Square and Eilean Shona, on Loch Moidart, where her favourite hobby is forestry. The annual ball raises about £3,000 for Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital and the Chelsea Hospital for Women



- 2 MAY** **Royal Academy Summer Exhibition** at Burlington House, Piccadilly. This event formally starts the London Season. Fashionable pre-season events include:
The Badminton 3-day Horse Trials (16 April); **Dress Show for Débutantes** at the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly (20-21 April); **The 2,000 Guineas and 1,000 Guineas**, Newmarket (29 April, 1 May).
- 5 MAY** **Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball** at Grosvenor House, Park Lane (see News Portrait opposite).
- 14 MAY** **Royal Windsor Horse Show** in the Home Park, Windsor.
- 27 MAY** **Chelsea Flower Show**, Royal Hospital, Chelsea.
- 28 MAY** **Opera Festival** at Glyndebourne, Sussex. This year is the 25th anniversary of the theatre-in-a-garden.
- 3 JUNE** **The Royal Tournament** at Earls Court. Display of military skills and pageantry — ancient and modern.
- 3 JUNE** **The Derby** at Epsom.
- 4 JUNE** **The Fourth of June** at Eton. The world's best-known school celebrates King George III's birthday.
- 5 JUNE** **The Oaks** at Epsom.
- 10 JUNE** **Antique Dealers' Fair**, Grosvenor House, Park Lane.
- 10 JUNE** **Beating the Retreat** (Prince Philip's Birthday), Horse Guards Parade. He takes the salute.
- 11 JUNE** **The Richmond Royal Horse Show**, Richmond.
- 13 JUNE** **Trooping the Colour** (the Queen's official Birthday), Horse Guards Parade. The Queen takes the salute.
- 13 JUNE** **Polo—Ascot Week Tournament**, held on Smith's Lawn in Windsor Great Park.
- 16 JUNE** **Royal Ascot Week**, Ascot, Berkshire. The Queen will spend two days at the meeting as her final engagement before leaving for Canada to open the St. Lawrence Seaway.
- 17 JUNE** **Guards Boat Club Ball** (Maidenhead).
- 18 JUNE** **The second Test Match** at Lord's cricket ground (England *v.* India).
- 22 JUNE** **Wimbledon**. The All-England lawn tennis championships begin.
- 1 JULY** **Henley Royal Regatta**, Henley-on-Thames: no longer a Royal occasion, hence no longer so fashionable. There are ripples of interest when the Russians attend.
- 3-4 JULY** **The Eton & Harrow cricket match**, at Lord's.
- 10 JULY** **The Royal Windsor Rose Show**, Windsor Castle Grounds, Berks.
- 20 JULY** **Royal International Horse Show**, White City. The Queen will be away for this event this year.
- 25 JULY** **Cowdray Polo Week**, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, Sussex.
- 28 JULY** **Goodwood**. This race meeting marks the close of the London Season proper but a post-season "must" further afield is **Cowes Week** (1-8 August), Isle of Wight. Fashionable too are the **Edinburgh Festival** (23 August-12 September) and the **Royal Highland Gathering** at Braemar (10 September).



If you're visiting London during the season, these are Open on Sundays . . .

RESTAURANTS by Isaac Bickerstaff

Andalucia, 80 Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 4111. Very small, very reasonable in price. authentic Spanish.

Asiatique, 16 Irving Street, W.C.2. WHI 8038. Very good Chinese food.

Au Père de Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, S.W.3. KNI 4704. 7 to 10 p.m. Sundays. French and Italian in Chelsea.

Bicyclette, 61 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1. SLO 5406. Sundays from 7 p.m. Small, crowded, interesting.

Brompton Grill, 243 Brompton Road, S.W.3. KEN 8005. Continental *cuisine* to West End standards.

Café Royal, 68 Regent Street, W.1. WHI 6611. Don't miss the grill room.

Casa Porelli, 1a Launceston Place, W.8. WES 6912. Small, very personal restaurant.

The Cathay, 4-6 Glasshouse Street, W.1. REG 3869. First Chinese restaurant in London, looks out over Piccadilly.

Charco's Grill, 1 Bray Place, S.W.3. KNI 4903. Small, popular and definitely Chelsea.

Chez Ciccio, 8 Kensington Church Street, W.8. WES 2005. First-class Italian restaurant.

Chez Kristof, 12 St. Alban's Grove, W.8. WES 8765. Fine reputation for Polish food.

Chez Luba, 116 Draycott Avenue, S.W.3. KEN 6523. Sunday 6.30 to 11 p.m. Polish and Russian.

Choy's, 45 Frith Street, W.1. GER 7109. Excellent Chinese food.

Choy's, 172 King's Road, S.W.3. FLA 9085. China in Chelsea.

Coventry Street Corner House, W.1. GER 7431. Four remarkable restaurants under one roof.

Cresta, 102 Heath Street, N.W.3. HAM 2943. Vast variety of genuine Polish dishes.

Cumberland Grill, Marble Arch, W.1. AMB 1234. Wide choice of first-class food and wine at reasonable prices.

Estoril, 3 Denman Street, W.1. GER 8700. Authentic Portuguese food and wine.

Firdoshi, 22 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. COV 0509. First-class authentic Indian food.

Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High Street, W.8. WES 1293. One of the best Chinese restaurants in London.

Gay Hussar, 2 Greek Street, W.1. GER 0973. First-class medley of mid-European dishes.

Hong Kong, 58 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GER 6847. Long-established Chinese restaurant.

Jamshid, 6 Glendower Place, S.W.7. KEN 8045. Authentic Indian restaurant.

Kettner's, Romilly Street, W.1. GER 3437. Fashionable Soho restaurant.

La Bohème Restaurant, 65 King's Road, S.W.3. SLO 3553. Interesting Greek food and wine.

La Carafe, Lowndes Street, S.W.1. SLO 3011. Soles and lobsters and 30 ways of preparing them.

La Surprise, 13-14 Knightsbridge Green, S.W.7. KEN 0509. *Cuisine Française* in a Toulouse-Lautrec atmosphere.

Lotus House, 61 Edgware Road, W.2. AMB 4341. Large and attractive Chinese restaurant.

Magic Carpet, 124 King's Road, S.W.3. KEN 6296. A cosy, comfortable and intimate Chelsea restaurant.

Marcel's, 14 Sloane Street, S.W.1. SLO 4912. *Cuisine Provençale* in a very French atmosphere.

Martinez, 25 Swallow Street, W.1. REG 5066. Spanish from start to finish in an authentic Spanish atmosphere.

Moulin d'Or, Romilly Street, W.1.

GER 2263. Open lunch and dinner—first-class on Sundays.

Normandie, 163 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. KEN 1400. French and English *cuisine* of high quality.

Paramount Grill, Irving Street, W.C.2. WHI 0744. Specializes in Aberdeen Angus.

Petit Savoyard, 35 Greek Street, W.1. GER 5367. *Cuisine Française*, French and friendly.

Romana Trattoria, 150 Finchley Road, N.W.3. HAM 9161. Well-prepared Italian dishes.

Schmidt's, 41 Charlotte Street, W.1. MUS 0723. Excellent German food and wine.

Scott's, 18 Coventry Street, W.1. GER 7175. Famous sea-food house, excellent steaks from the Silver Grill.

Shangri-La, 233 Brompton Road, S.W.3. KEN 9459. One floor down for excellent Chinese food.

Simpson's, 100 Strand, W.C.2. TEM 7131. Fine fare from the trolley; world-famous roasts.

Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER 6920. Immense choice from a fine menu, outstanding wine list, music and dancing.

Veeraswamy's, 99 Regent Street, W.1. REG 1401. "Curries galore" in this old established Indian restaurant.

Vendome, 20 Dover Street, W.1. MAY 5417. Specialists in fine sea foods.

Wimbledon Hill Hotel, High Street, S.W.19. WIM 6565. Restaurant with a West End menu. The famous tennis courts adjacent.

HOTELS

Here are some of the hotels whose restaurants and/or grill rooms are open on Sundays for lunch and dinner (chosen by I. Bickerstaff):

Berkeley, Berkeley Street, W.1. HYD 8282. Has everything, with a slower tempo than the Dorchester or Savoy.

Brown's, Dover St., W.1. HYD 6020. Bar closed on Sundays, so you can snore undisturbed.

Claridge's, Brook Street, W.1. MAY 8860. The silent service of a great exclusive. *No bar*.

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1. GRO 7070. Another exclusive; no music, no radio or television, but a smart bar.

De Vere Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. KNI 0051. View over the park;

excellent *cuisine* at reasonable prices.

Dorchester, Park Lane, W.1. MAY 8888. Has everything.

Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1. GRO 6363. Has everything.

Hyde Park, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. SLO 4567. Has everything, with a fine position.

Kensington Palace, De Vere Gardens, W.8. WES 8121. Excellent French *cuisine* and useful bar. (250 beds, 250 baths.)

May Fair, Berkeley Street, W.1. MAY 7777. Has everything.

Park Lane, Piccadilly, W.1. GRO 6321. Back to its old form, fine view over the park.

Ritz, Piccadilly, W.1. HYD 8181. Famous and exclusive—but it has bars.

Savoy, Strand, W.C.2. TEM 4343. Has everything.

Stafford, St. James's Place, S.W.1. HYD 0111. An oasis with first-class *cuisine*.

Westbury, New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 7755. Not so spacious as the old hotels, but don't worry.

Washington, Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 6911. Friendly service; where American visitors should feel at home.

In a somewhat different category, unbeatable in their price range, for first-class service, and all facilities: **Cumberland**, Marble Arch, W.1. AMB 1234.

Regent Palace, Glasshouse Street, W.1. REG 7000.

Strand Palace, Strand, W.C.2. TEM 8080.

For convenience, comfort and *cuisine*, two railway hotels: **Charing Cross**, Strand, W.C.2. TRA 7282; **Great Western Royal**, Paddington station, W.2. PAD 8064.

HISTORIC HOUSES

Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner. 2.30 to 6 p.m. Sometimes referred to as No. 1, London, was the town residence of the Duke of Wellington from 1820-1852. Now houses the Wellington Museum.

Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 2 p.m. to dusk. Built by Sir Christopher Wren, now home of the Chelsea Pensioners.

Chiswick House, Burlington Lane, Chiswick. 2 to 7 p.m. An early 18th-century Palladian villa now restored to its original appearance.

STOKES JOKES



Guildhall, King Street, Cheapside. 2 to 5 p.m. (though closed before and after banquets). Civic hall of the City of London.

Ham House, Petersham, nr. Richmond. 2 to 6 p.m. Collection of late Stuart furniture.

Hampton Court Palace. 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Royal palace built for Cardinal Wolsey who gave it to Henry VIII. Later additions to the palace were by Wren.

Hogarth's House, Hogarth Lane, Chiswick. 2 to 6 p.m. The artist's country house for 15 years.

Kew Palace, Kew. 2 to 6 p.m. Bought by George III as a nursery for the Royal children.

Lancaster House, nr. St. James's Palace. 2 to 6 p.m. State apartments. Finest surviving example of an Early Victorian mansion.

Osterley Park House, Osterley, Middx. 2 to 6 p.m. Still contains the original furniture and decorations. Fine collection of paintings.

The Queen's House, Greenwich. 2.30 to 6 p.m. Designed by Inigo Jones for James I's consort.

Tower of London, Tower Bridge. 2 to 5 p.m. Armour, dungeons, ghosts and the Crown Jewels.

Windsor Castle, Windsor. State apartments open (depending on Royal residence) 1.30 onwards. St. George's Chapel. 2.30 to 4 p.m.

ART GALLERIES

Dulwich Art Gallery, Gallery Road, S.E.21. 2 to 6 p.m. Examples of most principal European schools of painting.

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. 2 to 6 p.m.

National Portrait Gallery (behind the National Gallery). 2 to 6 p.m.

Tate Gallery, Millbank. 2 to 6 p.m. British paintings from 16th century to present day, modern foreign collection, and modern sculpture.

Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, W.1. 2 to 5 p.m. Old masters, especially French school, furniture, Sèvres porcelain, armour, etc.

William Morris Gallery & Frank Brangwyn Collection, Water House, Forest Road, Walthamstow. Open 1st Sunday in month 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 5 p.m. Former home of William Morris.

MUSEUMS

Most museums in London are open from 2 p.m. on Sundays.

OUTING ITEMS

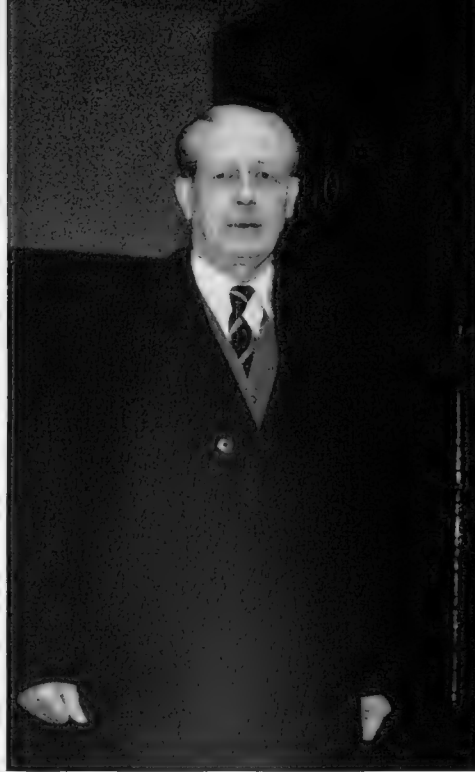
The Zoo, Regent's Park, N.W.1. 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Petticoat Lane Market, Middlesex Street, E.1. Best time 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

Cutty Sark, in dry dock near Greenwich Pier. 2.30 to 5 p.m. Last survivor of the famous tea-clippers.

Discovery, at King's Reach, Victoria Embankment. 1 to 4.45 p.m. Scott's Polar Research ship.

Madame Tussaud's, Marylebone Rd., N.W.1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Waxworks, and Planetarium next door



No. 10, Mr. Macmillan, and The Tie (Eton)

Symbol of snobbery? Or badge of a freemasonry? Or mere custom? Call it what you like, wherever the fashionable crowds congregate, you can't miss

The Old School tie

BY ELIZABETH SMART

SOME questions. Why did Mr. Macmillan wear his Old School Tie when he went to Moscow last month? Why does naughty let-the-side-down Donald McLean wear his? Have Old School Ties some magic charm, some radioactive school spirit that keeps morales flying high? Or is an Old School Tie a comfort-symbol, a bit of safe old Nannie, like the ragged bit of sucking-shawl some babies insist on at bedtime? Is it a sign of snobbery to wear one? Or a sign of colour blindness? Or do an Englishman's emotions get so inextricably involved with his aesthetic sense that anything he has ever loved becomes a thing of beauty and a joy for ever?

Certainly all the subtler social aspects of Old School Tiemanship would have been lost on the Russians, and in fact no foreigners can hope to understand the phenomenon. Have you ever heard an old stickler-for-form telling with ghoulish glee horror stories of Americans or Italians buying them by the dozen, all different? Around the Old School audience a rippling of relish goes. What watching foreigner could possibly understand the monstrosity of the crime?

Yet I have heard of one charming ebullient American who sported an Old Etonian tie at Lord's. The Old Etonians in their lethal, understated way murmured: "I see we are all Old Etonians here." "Hell no!" said the American, "I just liked the colours." After that he was forgiven and got on like a horse on fire.

Actually, the Eton tie (*see cover, top row, fifth from left*) is quite pretty. Others, as you can see, are unashamedly strident. Yet, apparently, they are loved no less, and the

fact that their vivid cerise clashes with the livid brick-red face above does not cause them to be put away among the souvenirs of boyhood. Some Old Schoolboys, with a little guilty self-conscious laugh, do say: "I never wear mine. It's too hideous." But they lay themselves open (and you can hear in the laugh that they know it) to uncharitable suspicions that *their* school may have been one of those embarrassingly minor ones that have to be explained away.

Talking about explaining things away, Wykehamists do not seem to realize the aesthetic limitations of *their* tie. And many other famous old school ties are hideous enough. Some schools with loud ties now have one of restrained design for town use. In these cases the original ties (still used) are called "country," e.g. Bradfield, Lancing, Tonbridge and Mill Hill. But a true old-school-tie-lover said to me: "I hope you will deplore the appalling rash of city ties—dark blue backgrounds with little crests instead of stripes." I do. I like the mystery of things as they are: it's English quixotry at its lovely, inexplicable best.

It seems agreed, in a deadly off-hand kind of way, that the old school tie does help in lots of little ways. It lets things be known about you without your having to say anything that might look like swanking, especially as you can even seem rather surprised to find yourself wearing it. You can recognise each other at a glance and have fun asking about Old So and So and Which year were you, etc. And, though an old school tie doesn't actually keep you out of prison, it does, I am told, give you a better job when

continued overleaf

you get there—the library, for instance, a great plum.

But one of the things I don't understand—being a mere ignorant Colonial—is how they expect you to recognize their precious ties and distinguish, say, a Wykehamist one from a cheerful, carefree one that anybody might have got off a barrow boy. Clearly people do expect you to. But perhaps they have been tie-spotting since boyhood—a game begun before trains or aeroplanes or stamps. When I meet people wearing old school ties sometimes I get a vague uneasy embarrassment creeping over me. Supposing they *had* been trying to impress me? Will it be too apparent that owing to my extreme ignorance they aren't succeeding? I do hope not. I shall cut out these beautiful tie pages and try to get them by heart, because I certainly would be impressed if I only had the knowledge. But I don't suppose I shall ever succeed. Being a foreigner, I lack the necessary emotional driving force.

Another mystery (to me) is this: Why do Englishmen so often, within the first few minutes of meeting you, tell you what school they were at, and yet you may know them for ages and they never even mention their three delicious champagne-studded years at Oxford? With Boy Geniuses like Kenneth Tynan and Beverley Nichols, and of course with Old Blues, other people tell you about their University careers, but in all other cases other people (as well as the Old Boys themselves) only mention School.

All this tie mystique is an obvious and often-used boon to bounders, of course. Hardly a confidence trickster in town who hasn't several among his tools of trade. Their unspeakable and highly successful antics with Old School Ties have probably been responsible for the hair-trigger delicacy of the to-wear or not-to-wear question. If it's not common knowledge that you were at the School, the Old School Tie may cause observant sceptics to react with: "Bet he wasn't there." And to start checking up. Sometimes Old School Ties even bring bounders exposure too soon. Hesketh Pearson said that the first time he realized that there was "a bit of the charlatan" in Frank Harris was when Harris bounced off to the South of France and telegraphed to have an Old Etonian tie sent to him the first week, and then telegraphed the second week for an Old Harrovian tie.

So far as I can find out no one has yet been found *strangled* by an Old School Tie.

I wonder if Captain Hook in Peter Pan is allowed to wear his Old Etonian tie so that the children won't be too frightened, or to show that even villains, if they have been to Eton, remain perfect gentlemen right up to gang-plank end. Or is it just a touch of snobbery thrown in by a master-craftsman who knew what his public wanted?

The more you go into it, the more mysterious it gets, just like the English. A magic symbol that makes poetry in the most prosaic English breasts? A proof that the English have no visual sense? A symptom of insecurity and a need for sticking together in the Public-School-going classes? Or just blatant snobbery? Your guess is as good as mine. Probably better. But it all does show something: Mr. Macmillan can make a gesture as inscrutable as the smile on the face of the Kremlin.

Old school ties

continued



KEY to ties on cover. Top row, left to right:

Ampleforth, Westminster, Marlborough, Christ's Hospital, Eton, Sherborne (country), Wellington, Winchester. Second row:

Harrow, Charterhouse (country), Radley, Shrewsbury (country), Gordonstoun, Rugby, Stowe, Uppingham (country).

KEY to ties opposite: Top row: Ardingly, Aldenham, Bedford, Clifton, Berkhamsted (country), Cheltenham. Second row: Sedbergh (old version),

Bradfield (country), Fettes Loretto, Tonbridge (country), Downside, Mill Hill (country). Third row: The Oratory School, Blundell's,

Haileybury (country), Cranleigh, Dover (country), St. Paul's.

Fourth row: Epsom, Lancing (country), Repton, Oundle, Beaumont, Malvern

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER (at Dorothy Wilding Studios). Ties and umbrellas by T. M. Lewin & Sons of 103 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1



MURIEL BOWEN surveys
the season's fastest-growing
attraction and the people
who keep it in the news

Personalities *in* **P O L O**

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



The Hon. Mrs. John Lakin (*above*) is probably Britain's leading woman player. Her husband is the leader of Cowdray Park's team this season. She wears the colours of his team

Left: Cowdray Park's famous riverside ground, centre of the post-war polo revival. Prince Philip often plays there

Below: Viscountess Cowdray, seen here with Lt.-Col. Peter Dollar, a well-known player, attends all her husband's matches. The events draw large crowds



Prince Philip, seen in play at Cowdray Park, is an outstanding factor in polo's surging popularity. He wears a distinctive navy-and-white helmet and his shirt is the regulation "flannel" issued to naval ratings. As he hits the ball across the front of Col. W. H. Whitbread's pony note how his polo stick bends round the pony's neck

"**P**OLO IS BANNED AT BREAKFAST," said Mr. Arthur Lucas. "But we talk about it over every other meal—though we try not to bore our friends with it. We find polo the ideal family hobby." This enthusiasm is typical of the spirit that pervades English polo at present. Mr. Lucas is also typical of the post-war breed of player. He took up the game in 1948. A Hertfordshire chartered surveyor, he now smacks balls between the goalposts on his front lawn every morning before going to the office.

"If he can have his ponies at home and if there is a piece of ground for practice," Mr. Lucas went on, "there is no need at all for a man to say that he cannot combine polo with business." Mr. & Mrs. Lucas, their daughter Pat, and their son John—he is playing at Cowdray Park this season—are out practising their polo in the mornings at a time when many of us are still beneath the bed covers.

Mr. Lucas is the kingpin of the Hertfordshire Polo Club which plays at his home, Woolmers Park near Essendon.

There is an increasing number of polo-playing families in the country. The best-known, of course, is the Cowdray family. Lord Cowdray, three of his sisters, and his brother-in-law, John Lakin, all play. John Lakin, who is six-foot-plus, with the powerful wrists of a stone breaker, will be leading Cowdray Park's high goal team this season. Then there is the Barlow family in Cheshire. Sir John Barlow (Tory M.P. for Middleton) and his three sons are stalwarts of the Cheshire club, the only polo club in the north-west.

To most people the incredible thing about polo is its fast-growing popularity with the general public. It has been played by soldiers since the days when wars were won with muskets, and even before, but it is in this age of missiles that it has really clicked.

One factor in the boom is the improvement in facilities offered to the public. In this Lord Cowdray took the lead, after the war, at Cowdray Park. The games are explained to spectators by means of commentaries over loudspeakers. The Household Brigade Polo Club—which played its first matches on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, in 1955—has also shown imagination and resource in developing facilities there.

But undoubtedly it is the interest in the game shown by members of the royal family that has contributed most to the popular enthusiasm. This year Prince Philip will again be playing at Windsor. He will have two new ponies. They were both presented to him recently in Pakistan and are due here any day now. Meanwhile Prince Philip has not been neglecting training on his oriental

continued overleaf





Personalities in polo *continued*

tour. He has had a wooden pony set up aboard the royal yacht *Britannia* for practising his shots.

Who are the other leading personalities in polo? Foremost among them is Col. Humphrey Guinness, Britain's finest player. This towering giant of a man found himself playing polo in India 30 years ago because "there was nothing else to do." He has been at it ever since. And despite having broken a collar bone, a wrist, and an ankle all in the last 18 months, he will be at it again this season, playing at Windsor. He explains: "I'm more or less mended now."

Col. Guinness has a genius for meeting the ball right, and the zest and zeal with which he charges into action inspires an even mediocre team to play as if nothing else in the world really mattered. His fans among the spectators always have the nice feeling that if anyone is going to send the ball fast and furious in the right direction, he will.

Then there is suave, grey-haired, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, probably the game's greatest artist. His strength is in expert timing, impeccably schooled ponies, and brilliant horsemanship—something seldom seen on the polo ground these days. He's a superb No. 3 and given good forwards his team builds up goals dramatically. Hanut Singh plays polo most of the year. He plays in India, where he has a large fertilizer business, and throughout the summer he plays at Cowdray Park.

Another Cowdray personality is Col. Peter Dollar, who sends the ball incredible distances when he gets his massive shoulders in line with it. Col. Dollar's ability in getting the ball away from resolute and defiant forwards makes him the Stanley Matthews of polo.

A man who plays a regular part in the success of British polo teams when they go abroad is Major Archie David, who generously lends his ponies. Major David has an eye for a pony. "Darn good 'uns are the only sort to have," he explained in a soft voice almost a whisper. "I like ponies as handy and fast as they come—by ex-Derby winners if I can

get them. He plays as a relaxation from the banking and milling businesses which his family has had in the East for over 100 years. "Tito" Lalor from the Argentine, one of the best players in the world today, will be joining Major David's Friar Park team again this season, playing mostly at Windsor.

Now that Roehampton is no more, many people wonder where they can see polo without having to travel far from London. Ham Polo Club is nearest. The great driving force behind this club is an ebullient Irishman, Mr. Billy Walsh, who has just come back from a couple of weeks' play in Jamaica. The Ham Polo Club has matches most Sundays at Ham House, Ham Common at 3.30 p.m.

Finally some notes about plans in the provinces, where there is much activity. Mr. F. E. F. Spiegelberg of the Cheshire Polo Club tells me that the club has just acquired two additional grounds. The Cheshire team will be greatly strengthened this year by the addition of two well-known Argentine players, Mr. J. J. D. Alberdi, who will be spending part of the summer with the Earl of Rocksavage, and Mr. Alex Mihanovich.

In Harrogate polo is sponsored by the municipality. There will be the annual tournament during August Bank Holiday week, and teams from Toulston and Catterick are among those expected.

To wind up the season Rhinefield, the New Forest club, will have six teams taking part in its annual polo week in September. A polo ball and a meet of the buck hounds will add to the social interest.



Left: Miss Peggy Walsh, whose father runs the Ham team, is one of a small group of British women polo players. *Above:* Mrs. E. Lalor, wife of the crack Argentinian Tito Lalor who will play at Windsor this season, with Mrs. W. H. Gerard Leigh whose husband is chairman of the Household Brigade Polo Club



Lord Cowdray, who has done most to promote the polo boom, receiving the Viscount Cowdray Cup from Mrs. L. A. Lucas at Woolmers Park, Herts, where her husband runs his own club. Mr. & Mrs. Lucas and their son & daughter are all polo players

Right: Cheers for the losers from the Brevhurst team, winners of the Gieves Cup at Rhinefield in 1958. From right are Mr. W. H. D. Riley-Smith, the brewer, with his sons Jonathan and Hamish, and Mr. P. Withers. The Brevhurst is probably the youngest polo team to compete in Britain since the war

Major Sir Berkeley Pigott is president of Rhinefield, the New Forest club whose annual tournament winds up the polo season

POLO PLANS for 1959

LEADING TOURNAMENTS in different parts of the country this season include:

- 18 May *Duke of Sutherland Cup, Cowdray Park.*
- 16-18 May *Whit Tournament, Cheshire Polo Club, Tarporley, Cheshire.*
- 5-7 June *Cirencester Park Tournament, Cirencester, Glos.*
- 14-21 June *Royal Windsor Cup, and Smith's Lawn Cup, Windsor Great Park.*
- 12 July *Cowdray Park Gold Cup.*
- 19 July *County Cup, Tidworth Polo Club, Tidworth, Hants.*
- 26-29 July *Goodwood Week Tournament, Cowdray Park.*
- 2 August *Cowdray Park Cup, Cowdray Park.*
- 7-8 August *Harrogate Polo Tournament, Harrogate.*
- 23 August *Junior County Cup, Woolmers Park, Herts.*
- 1-5 September *Rhinefield (New Forest) Polo Club Tournament, Ringwood, Hants.*

Miss Judy Forwood is the only woman member of the Household Brigade Polo Club. She also plays with the Ham and Silver Leys Clubs





Yevonde

A COMING-OUT DANCE will be given by the Countess of Dundee for her débutante daughter, Miss Janet Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, on 10 July at the Dorchester. Miss Scrymgeour-Wedderburn's step-father, the Earl of Dundee, is Minister of State, Scottish Office. Her father was the late Lieut.-Col. (the Hon.) David Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, D.S.O. She will be 18 a few weeks after her dance

MALINOWSKI FOUND OUT THAT, contrary to general opinion, sexual cults played a small part in the lives of savages. They had to work too hard to think much about sex. Courtship in African tribes was and is a simple business deal, with two fathers marrying off their sons and daughters, and paying off the difference in sexes with a dowry of brass and cows. It takes a civilized society, with a great amount of expendable capital and leisure, to make simple matters like sexual cults and courtship customs into a four-month bonanza. The unoriginal tribe of the modern English rich have an annual courtship cult, centred on their Hyde Park reservation and Park Lane huts. This yearly tradition they call the London Season.

The London Season has lost its original purpose, the arranging by parents and chaperones of marriage-deals among their offspring, to provide necessary mergers of family capital and selective breeding for class-renewal. But an institution survives beyond the loss of its reason for existence. Tradition preserves bad mistakes as well as good discoveries. The London Season is no longer an efficient marriage-market for a well-defined aristocratic ruling-class. It is no longer an addition to Court ceremonial—since débutantes are not even presented at Court now. It is a survival from a bigger and more ruthless age, like the skeleton of a dinosaur in the desert.

The present purpose of the London Season is to introduce rather less than 1,000 young girls with an average age of 18 to rather less than 2,000 young men. Some 70 dances are given to provide conditions for their meeting. It is hoped that these meetings and courtship-preliminaries will lead to future marriages. Unfortunately, while the average marriage-age of young men is now in the middle twenties, the average age of Seasonal men varies between the late teens and early twenties. Thus there is a time-lag of some five years between their courtship and their marriage. To preserve their sanity, few men will attend more than two Seasons regularly. Thus it is rare that a débutante will marry a man she has met often during her coming-out Season, as a *direct* result of that Season.

The mothers or professional bringers-out of the débutantes meet during January and February at discreet lunch-parties. They swap names of young men like stamps, arrange that the various dances are staggered, and make introduction-deals ("I'll have your daughter to my dance, if you'll have my daughter to yours"). The mothers genuinely believe that the London Season will enable their daughters to meet the "right sort of people"; the professional bringers-out are paid to ensure this. Some professional chaperones accept thousands of pounds from wealthy manufacturers to bring out their children in English Society.



Elliott & Fry

Andrew Sinclair's *The Breaking Of Bumbo* is to become a musical. Wolf Mankowitz will produce it in the West End next spring, with a libretto by the author. Mr. Sinclair goes to America in September to study at Harvard. His new book *My Friend Judith* will be published in the same month

Anthropologically speaking...

An irreverent social analysis by

ANDREW SINCLAIR, author of a
best-seller that mocks the Season

As a result of these matriarchal pow-wows, up to 200 dances are given during the Season, in addition to the big middle-aged tribal meetings at Lord's, Henley, Ascot and Cowes. The cost of these dances varies between under £1,000 and £10,000; a mean would be a little under £3,000.

A débutante cannot be brought out for much less than £1,000; she may be brought out for more. Therefore the coming-out of 1,000 or so débutantes costs at least £1,000,000.

Added to this, there are the expenses of their escorts and relations, which probably brings up the rough total expenditure on the London Season to a

minimum of some £1,500,000. This is not enough to build a hydrogen bomb, but it is enough to build several schools and keep several thousand children from starvation in other areas of the world.

The young and the old get a certain amount of fun from the whole brouhaha. A large amount of conspicuous consumption goes on; the well-born and others, as in 16th-century Spain, can hide their approaching poverty under a display of riches. But the postwar breakdown of the chaperone-system has defeated the purposes of the Season. The gilded young are left to their own devices, and the devices of the gilded young aren't eligible marriages. The chaperones' screening-

system for young men has also broken down; crooks, con-men, teenagers, social climbers and intellectuals often manage to get among débutantes and mislead them.

The young do meet a lot of their own sort but, sadly, their friends are often confined to their own sort. Thus they acquire an accent and behaviour-pattern that makes them successfully intolerable to most sections of our industrial and "democratic" society. This maleducation of the young in the ways of their fathers and mothers, when these ways are on the way out, merely cripples the children and stops them from being able to talk and act like the majority of their country-

continued overleaf

BRIGGS by Graham



Anthropologically speaking . . .

continued from overleaf



The
Social
Alphabet

F for fever of the chase

*We set out in the old Austin Seven
For the "Unicorn," Bunbury Sporle.
We arrived at the meet at eleven,
And Heaven, oh Heaven, oh Heaven,
Joanna had come after all!*

*She really looked fearfully striking,
With imperious hand upon hip.
Her horse, though, was less to my liking.
With the Valhalla-yell of a Viking,
It curled a derisory lip.*

*"Hold his head, will you, just for a minute,
While I tighten his thingummyjig?"
I obeyed, but my heart wasn't in it.
She got down from the creature to pin it,
And it rolled in the mud like a pig.*

*Of course, everyone bellowed with laughter
While it threstled about in the dirt.
Poor Joanna! They chipped her and chaffed her;
She never cared much for me after. . . .
I was twelve at the time, and it hurt.*

Francis
Kinsman

men. The fault is that of their parents. They try to cut off their children from contact with the power-groups in the country, and recreate their own world of the past; but this world has little place in the present, for power has shifted to other hands.

As I have pointed out, a great deal of money is wasted on the courtship-stage of the mating of the aristocratic young. In efficient marriage-markets, this money would be offered as a dowry. The thousands spent on a dance could be handed over in the form of solid industrials as a bride-price. "Take my daughter, young man—she's worth her weight in Shell."

Instead, young girls meet young men, play with them and part; their introductions to their future husbands usually come a year or two later, when they have moved through secretarial college into the City world and the four-girl flat in Kensington. Their marriages are, rightly, more the result of their jobs and their own choice than of the fixing of their parents. The Season, no longer a way to the altar, seems likely to be on its own way to the grave.

Moreover, even as a sexual cult, the Season is not very exciting. It provides endless repetitions of the same sort of dance with the same sort of people in the same sort of clothes taking the same sort of half-measures. Neither orgies nor weddings result from it. A few unfunny gossip-writers may try to dramatize its eternal dullness; but all the slick over-writing in the world can't make the Season more than a description of the tiny in pursuit of the minute.

What of the future? While parents still process their daughters to imitate themselves and the dodos, the Season will limp along. A deb will become a mum, and produce more debts. And so on, while the Budget allows; until the last Chancellor lays the last supertax on the last rich man in England. Even then, when the original purpose is wholly forgotten and no marriages are arranged, aged ladies with absent incomes will meet each other in the Ritz to swop names of young men and girls, cooks and caterers, dance-bands and daydreams. The young men and girls will be working out their own arrangements more in tune with the times; the cooks and the caterers will be too expensive; the bands will be playing jazz; only the daydreams will still be there. But the aged ladies will crack their joints and jokes and forget their years and incomes; and the Season, skulking in the corners of some old minds, will royally take an unconscionable time in dying.

Planning a wardrobe for the season

The clothes shown on this and the following pages have been specially chosen to suit each one of the most important events of the London Season. Coats have been omitted for if necessary furs can be worn and, for outdoor events, most women will choose the popular and practical raglan style tweeds and camel hair coats. The wardrobe was photographed by **Norman Eales**

This suit of stone tweed flecked with black would be right for the **2,000 Guineas** (Newmarket 29 April), the **Braemar Royal Highland Gathering** (10 September), or for any of the other outdoor sporting events of the season. The straight skirt has a generous kick pleat at the back to allow for freedom of movement and the jacket is comfortably loose-fitting. The suit is by Sylvia Mills, at Rocha, Grafton St., W.1, price: about 24 gns. Tan stitched hat by Gina Davies at Harvey Nichols, price: 79s. 11d.; Italian hide handbag, saddle stitched, Harvey Nichols, price: 7 gns.; gilt link bracelet and stud ear-rings, Harvey Nichols, £2 19s. 6d. and £1 5s. 6d. The shoes are by Bally at Russell & Bromley 89s. 9d.; the shooting stick is from Swaine Adeney & Brigg, Piccadilly. Gloves by Pullman

WARDROBE for the SEASON *continued*

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW PRIVATE VIEW DAY 26 MAY



Complementing flowers with flowers this rose print was chosen for its muted tones to contrast with the riot of colour at Chelsea. The dress and jacket of pure silk surah has a design of tobacco brown roses on white and the two-piece is lined throughout. The dress has a high neckline and short sleeves, the jacket is cut on classic tailored lines. Hat in fine natural straw with tobacco petersham trimming from Jenny Fischer, Motcomb Street, S.W.1. Tobacco brown suède handbag from Harvey Nichols. Price: 13 gns. Gilt and topaz brooch and ear-rings, Harvey Nichols. Prices: £2 17s. 6d. and £1 19s. 6d. respectively. Pullman's cream leather gloves. Two-piece by Phyllis Taylor at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow; Jenners, Edinburgh; Leaders, Leeds and branches. Price: 24 gns.



ROYAL ASCOT

16—19 JUNE



Here where the fashion stakes
 as hotly contested as the equestrian it is
 advisable to avoid startling prints
 that may be matched or bettered, or
 washable materials that will have suffered
 by the end of the day. This dress
 with the deceptive appearance of a two-
 piece is made in pure silk in a delightful
 shade of soft wistaria. The
 fine quality of the fabric and the
 pleated skirt make it a good sitter for
 lined throughout and mounted on its own
 petticoats. The hat in matching silk
 trimmed with flowers by Dior. The
 off-white umbrella from Harvey
 Nichols. Price: 5 gns. Jewellery in
 toning pastel shades by Dior. The
 dress from Christian Dior, London,
 at Harrods Dior Room and
 Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells





13 June

TROOPING THE COLOUR

For the Queen's official birthday a jersey suit in a light summer colour is sensible and warmer than silk for a long wait in the stands on Horse Guards' Parade.

This two-piece in a heavy pale leaf green Swiss two-way knit is trimmed with identically matching petersham. Hat: mauve chiffon beret covered with violet heads from Gina Davies at Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Price: 16 gns. Handbag: beige calf at Harvey Nichols. Price: 15 gns. Gloves: Pittard's beige washable leather. Suit: Swyzerli, imported from Switzerland, at Kendal Milne, Manchester; and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. Price: about 15 gns.

WARDROBE for the SEASON *continued*

Practicability is the keynote here. For opera or theatre going a skirt must be of manageable proportions and it must not crease, so line and fabric are all important. Here a magnificent pure silk paper taffeta by Bianchini is printed with enormous blue roses on a grey ground. The straight bodice has shoulder straps and a separate stole ties loosely at the back. Jewellery: Christian Dior at Harvey Nichols. Shoes by Bally. Dress by Sutin at Fortnum & Mason and Rackhams, Birmingham. Price: 42 gns.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA FESTIVAL

28 May to 16 August



COWES WEEK

1 to 8 August



Navy and white are the traditional colours for yachtsmen and spectators alike. This shirt-waister dress has the tailored unfussy look the occasion demands.

It is made of a heavy knitted silk material perfectly finished in every detail. The belt is made of the same material. Hat: white hand crocheted wool by Gina Davies at Harvey Nichols. Price: 4 gns. Scarf: navy and white silk square with rope design. Harvey Nichols. Price: £1 11s. 6d.

Jewellery: gilt twist ear-rings, £1 17s. 6d., and gilt link bracelet, £1 19s. 6d. from Harvey Nichols.

Bag: large navy calf envelope style from Harvey Nichols. Price: 17 gns. Dress: Susan Small model at Woollands, Knightsbridge; County Clothes, Cheltenham; and Vogue, Cambridge



WARDROBE for the SEASON

concluded

SUMMER BALL

by summer evening



With balls taking place almost every night of the season we do not suggest that one dress will suffice for a multitude of invitations but choose this model from Hardy Amies Collection as being worthy of a full-dress occasion and yet practical for dancing or, when worn with its jacket, for dining out. The skirt is made of white pure silk satin, the bodice and jacket of blue net embroidered all over with silver thread. Pale blue satin outlines the small waistline. Blue satin handbag with diamanté clasp, Harvey Nichols. Price: 9 gns. Christian Dior necklet and ear-rings of rhinestone bows and drop pearls at Harvey Nichols. Prices: £18 19s. and 7 gns. respectively. Shoes: by Pinet. Price: £5 19s. 6d.





IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

On any summer occasion



Left: Planning for warmer weather, a dress and jacket in creamy embroidered cotton mounted on blonde taffeta with many daytime possibilities. Subtract the jacket (*above*) and you have an after-dark sheath dress of classic proportions. The cuffed neckline of the dress sits atop the collarless neck of the jacket, which stands away from the narrowly fitting dress. Dress and jacket by Henri Gowns, 24 gns., from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1. The coarsely plaited straw and linen sailor hat costs £16 19s. 6d., the tobacco suède shoes by Christian Dior 8½ gns., the stud river pearl ear-rings, 19s. 6d., and the many-shaded brown bead bracelet, 37s. 6d. The roomy bag (*above, left*) is in stone nappa leather and costs £3 17s. 6d. All accessories from Marshall & Snelgrove. Photographs by Peter Alexander

SIX PAGES
OF SOCIAL
NEWS IN
PHOTOGRAPHS

Squash: Yale team are guests of S.R.A.



Mr. Maitland Jones of the Yale University team and Miss Anne Robson. Above right: Major N. W. Nicholson, a schoolmaster and member of the Berkshire team, Mr. J. Skillman of the Yale team and Miss B. Brown. The Squash Rackets Associations annual ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel



Among the diners were Mrs. Diana Corbett who is a member of the British Wolf-Noel Cup women's team newly returned from America, and Mr. F. R. D. Corbett who has been Veteran Squash Champion for the past two years

Desmond O'Neill



Above: Company director Mr. Philip Jessel who plays squash for the Jesters, the top club

Left: Brewer Mr. M. E. Ash, and Sir Charles and Lady McLeod. Both men are members of the Jesters

Hunting: The Quorn has a ball



Mr. J. Deave & Miss P. Herbert. The ball was held at Quenby Hall, the Leicestershire home of Sir Harold & Lady Nutting. Sir Harold is a former M.F.H. of the Quorn



Miss Bridget Casey with Mr. Simon Clarke. Both hunt with the Cottesmore. There were about 400 guests from neighbouring hunts

Miss Theodora Bassett & Mr. Julian de Lisle. The fine collection of paintings and armour at Quenby Hall provided a background for the dancers



A. V. Swaabe

Captain Ivor Herbert & Miss Jane Tilney Mr. Ian Herbert & Mrs. Murray Smith



The Ledbury point-to-point

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. C. PALMER



Miss Patricia Hone helped her father, Mr. E. Hone, on the indicator board during the Ledbury Hunt steeplechases at Bushley Park, near Tewkesbury



Above: Brigadier J. G. E. Tiarks starts the second race of the day. In the background is Tewkesbury Abbey tower



Above left: Major Jock Lyon of the Ledbury Hunt. Middle left: Miss Cynthia Lane from the Croome Hunt. Top left: Major M. Jewell, chairman of Worcestershire County C.C.

Above: Mr. Robert Philipson-Stow, Mr. Bill Andrews, Miss G. Heaton from the Clifton Hunt and Miss R. Philipson-Stow

The North Cotswold hunt meeting



Left: Mr. J. D. Wilson (centre), hon. secretary of the meeting, Mrs. Wilson and Lord Dulverton, joint-Master of the Hunt. Above: Mr. C. Taylor, Miss S. Whitehead and Miss P. Reinagel



Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Nabarro and their children Sarah and Jeremy. He is M.P. for Kidderminster. The meet was at Springhill



Quita Que takes a slight lead from Zonda (the winner) coming past the grandstand, followed by Mazzibell, Sandy Jane, and Gold Legend during the Grand National at Fairyhouse, Co. Meath. Zonda was ridden by Pat Taaffe whose brother T. Taaffe finished second on Knightsbrook



Miss Gabriel Waddington, who hunts with the Louth foxhounds, and Lady Rathdonnell, who is an artist



Viscount & Viscountess Suirdale, who live in London, were staying with his parents, Lord & Lady Donoughmore



Above, right: Mrs. B. T. O'Reilly, wife of the senior steward of the meeting, presents the trophy to Mr. T. R. G. Wall, owner of 'True View', winner of the Ward Union Cup

The Irish Grand National meeting

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
C. C. FENNELL

Miss Miriam Woodbyrne, racehorse owner from Bray, Co. Wicklow, who recently announced her engagement to Dr. Sean MacMahon from Co. Galway



St. James's, Spanish Place, ceremony for Miss Penelope Hanbury & Mr. John Nugent

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THE TATLER
& Bystander
15 April 1959



The bride is the daughter of Brigadier R. Hanbury (above)



The best man, Mr. David Nugent, younger brother of the bridegroom



The bridegroom is the son of Sir Hugh Nugent and Lady Nugent (above)

Wedding days



At Claridge's a



Mrs. Michael Wilding



The bride & bridegroom leave the Hyde Park Hotel for a honeymoon in Spain





Rose petals showered the bride and bridegroom as they left for their honeymoon, which is being spent in New York and Jamaica

reception for Miss Joan Lawton after her wedding to Mr. John Golfar



Debutante Miss Alicia Clyde and her bridesmaid sister, Gail



Miss Sylvia Casablancas. Her hat was a leaf motif on a coarse mesh veil



Miss Georgina Lewis, another of the 400 guests at the wedding



The bride and groom. They were married at the West London Synagogue, W.1



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Stuart Golfar, parents of the bridegroom, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Lawton, the bride's parents, receive a guest

Gershwin's Negro classic is filmed



Porgy & Bess, Gershwin's all-Negro opera, has taken 24 years to reach the screen. In the Columbia Pictures production, to be premiered in London this autumn, Bess is Dorothy Dandridge (*left*), who is now in England making *The Scent Of Danger* with Trevor Howard and Richard Basehart. Sidney Poitier plays the crippled Porgy. Co-starring are Pearl Bailey (who was with Dorothy Dandridge in *Carmen Jones*) and crooner Sammy Davis, Jr., who plays Sporting Life. The scene (*above*) as he sings "Oh I Can't Sit Down" while boarding the pleasure boat is one of the most dramatic of this wide-screen Todd-AO film. The director is Otto Preminger, and the film is produced by Samuel Goldwyn

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Cicely beats the bailiffs

To be desperately impecunious is always to be laughable in the comic theatre; and if the bum-bailiffs are on your doorstep you really are in an uproariously funny position. Mr. Peter Coke's new farce, *Fool's Paradise*, at the Apollo Theatre takes every advantage of this ancient and still pleasing convention. It is all about the financial tangle into which Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Miss Nora Swinburne get themselves trying to keep the bums at bay.

They are the widows of the same malicious joker. He seems to have disliked them both equally and has left them a handsome house in Westminster on condition that they live in it together. He obviously expects each to drive the other mad. Meanwhile they must not sell any of the valuable furniture, and it is entirely up to them to conceal from the butcher and the baker that, though their address may be unexceptionable, they have no cash to support it.

The scatter-brained middle-class women are naturally neck deep in debt. Miss Swinburne is a little troubled by the state of affairs, but Miss Courtneidge is made of sterner stuff. Nothing daunts her resilient spirit. She goes out to sell a spray of emeralds that actually does belong to them. Learning that it consists of so many worthless beryls she flings herself into an orgy of shopping on tick, thereby more or less exhausting their dwindling credit.

Returning home in breathless triumph she finds a plausible but obviously dishonest dealer doing his best to buy the furniture which the ladies cannot sell. Before she knows what she has done Miss Courtneidge has accepted a deposit on the necklace she knows to be worthless; and has thus put herself in a position to be threatened with jail if she should subsequently fail to complete the sale.

This is only the beginning of the hideous financial tangle. A wealthy nit-wit who wants to marry the unwilling son of one of the widows, and has a maddening habit of dropping the last syllable of most of the words she uses—"white sat. and orange blossom", offers money to advance her suit. Miss Courtneidge accepts it; and as the ladies grow more and more frightened, more and more people offer them loans with strings of some sort attached.

Miss Agnes Lauchlan appears as a delightful old eccentric swathed in hygienic silks for fear of the radio-active dust which is blowing about all over the place. She has not only a well-lined purse but is a well-known jewel fancier and on hearing the name of the speculative dealer who has staked out a claim as purchaser of the emeralds she starts off on the war-path. It becomes necessary for Miss Courtneidge to invent a third wife with a supposed interest in the property and, what is more to the

THEATRE
by Anthony
Cookman



Cicely Courtneidge, joint-heroine of the play. "She is in rattling good form" says Anthony Cookman



St. Hilaire

continued overleaf

support. Mr. Guy Deghy is excellent as the wicked dealer, Miss Lauchlan as the crazily hygienic jewel fancier and Miss Eileen Draycott gives a good firm performance as the hard-tongued tender-hearted domestic whose wages are many months in arrears.

Poland goes delightfully dotty

CINEMA
by Elspeth Grant

UNTIL THIS WEEK, the only Polish film I had seen was *Kanal*, a dark and violent work sounding a high patriotic note and mourning the death of heroes betrayed: *Eve Wants To Sleep*, the second Polish film to come my way, could scarcely be more different. Directed by Mr. Tadeusz Chmielewski with, I should say, his tongue in both cheeks, it is a satirical and sometimes surrealist comedy which, while seemingly wholly inconsequential, manages in the blandest way to make fun of both surviving traditions and present conditions.

Eve, charmingly played by a Miss Barbara Kwiatowska, who looks as innocent and helpless as a baby calf, is seeking a night's lodging in a strange town largely populated by coppers, spivs, burglars and thrifty tarts (who do their knitting while waiting for clients and hang it on a lamp-post when one arrives). Just a few honest, intimidated citizens are thrown in to be cheated and chased and forced to buy articles they don't want at all—such as an ordinary builder's brick.

Darkness falls and Eve has still not found accommodation. Roaming through a park she pauses by a bridge and looks down at the river below. In a trice a policeman whisks her off to a police station as a would-be suicide. In vain Eve protests: she has to be detained for her own good, she is told. An elderly prostitute advises her not to let the cops take her photograph as that would mean she had been officially booked as a member of the world's oldest profession—so when a photographer in due course materializes, Eve panics and locks herself in the station armoury.

The local police-chief, already unnerved at the prospect of an imminent inspection by his superior from headquarters, flies into a fearful flap—assuming that Eve intends to go through with her suicide plans and to blow herself and the station sky high. He pleads with her. In an effort to persuade her that life is worth living he reads her the headlines in the evening paper—but finding nothing more encouraging than "Farmers Harvest Radio-active Radishes," he realizes he will have to resort to more practical measures.

A housebreaker, borrowed from another police-station to give the cells in this one that "lived-in" look, is persuaded to pick the lock of the armoury door—and is popped into a police uniform in case the inspecting officer should arrive untimely, as indeed he does. In the ensuing confusion, the housebreaker is sent on duty as a copper outside a jeweller's shop, the safe of which has been left open. While he makes the most of this piece of good luck, the liberated Eve is escorted by a handsome young policeman to a state-controlled hostel for women—the manageress of which objects to taking in a stranger on the grounds that she is responsible for and must protect the morals of her "girls": gentlemen fleeing the hostel in the scantiest attire and all directions show how admirably she does this.

There is wry entertainment to be extracted from a hearse, from an aspiring teenage delinquent and a couple of crooked café owners before the film reaches its impudent and explosive ending. Here and there the pace flags a little but Miss Kwiatowska is such a pet and the twists and turns of the dotty



Alan Vines

Producer Wendy Toye (right) rehearses Peter Grant and June Bronhill in *Die Fledermaus* at London's Coliseum Theatre. She has prepared two companies who will alternate in the new Christopher Hassall adaptation of the Strauss operetta which had its première in Oxford last week and opens at the Coliseum tomorrow night

VERDICTS continued

point, to impersonate this warm blooded Portuguese lady in the presence of the dismayed dealer. This episode, which brings Miss Courtneidge's talents for revue burlesque delightfully into action, is extremely good for the farce. It seems to tighten up the internal connexions of the piece. They no longer unite loosely, and the story, such as it is, makes a quite inspiring end, with Miss Courtneidge auctioning emeralds now pronounced to be genuine to a fighting mass of bidders.

It cannot be pretended even so that Mr. Coke is anything like so happily inspired as he was in *Breath Of Spring*. Yet the piece has, even at its feeblest moments, a disarming quality, and of this quality Miss Courtneidge makes the most. Those who find her irresistible even in fustian may be assured that she is in rattling good form. She is as resourceful and as full of vitality as ever; and it is important to know that rather than to examine too closely the nature of her material, Miss Swinburne gives her distinctive and intelligent

THE PLAY:

Fool's paradise
Cicely Courtneidge
Nora Swinburne
Guy Deghy
Agnes Lauchlan
Eileen Draycott

THE FILMS:

Eve wants to sleep
Barbara
Kwiatowska
Stanislaw Mikulski
dr. Tadeusz
Chmielewski

Goha
Omar Cherif
Zina Bouzaiane
dr. Jacques Baratier

The word
Victor Sjöström
Rune Lindström
Gunn Wallgren
Vanda Rothgardt
dr. Gustaf Molander

plot are so sly and unexpected that I think you will undoubtedly be amused.

Although made by a French director, M. Jacques Baratier, and a crew of French technicians, *Goha*, with its largely Arab cast and its essentially Arabian Nights story can, I think, properly be described as an Arab film—at least I could detect no Western influence in either its mood or its method of presenting its subject. It has a strange lightness about it which never descends into whimsicality—and a sort of simple fatalism which never becomes oppressive.

Goha (Mr. Omar Cherif) is apparently a well-known figure in Arab legend—a handsome, amiable but rather simple young man who arouses affectionate laughter or fond reproaches wherever he goes: the story here recounted is a sad one.

Though the boy is no scholar, he is befriended by an old man who is regarded as a great sage in the town where he lives. Well, the old thing may be learned but he is definitely not wise for he takes to himself a young and radiantly lovely wife (Miss Zina Bouzaiane) who soon wearies of her aged spouse. Inevitably she and *Goha* become lovers and inevitably, when their clandestine affair is discovered, she pays whatever penalty unfaithful wives customarily pay in those parts: no doubt it is something vastly unpleasant but the film, in its quaint, grasshopper way, springs clear over that point and comes to earth only to provide a melancholy ending for the men.

The film was shot entirely in Tunisia and is really quite exceptionally beautiful, photographed as it is in the most delicate Agfacolor.

Based on the late Pastor Kaj Munk's stern play, *The Word*, Herr Gustaf Molander's film of that title is concerned with the rivalry between church and chapel in a strict community on the west coast of Sweden where, one would gather, everybody is obsessed with religion but few have truly Christian faith. The fine veteran actor Herr Victor Sjöström gives a stupendous performance as an arrogant, proud, churchgoing old farmer who fiercely dominates but dearly loves his family—and, incidentally, hates his neighbours.

The one truly Christian spirit in the place is Herr Sjöström's son, Johannes (Herr Rune Lindström), who, after having cast off the shadow of madness, so strongly believes that the age of miracles is not past that it is vouchsafed to him to perform one. In a scene which I found chilling, he raises his sister-in-law (Frkn. Vanda Rothgardt) from the dead.

Sonny Terry wins me over

RECORDS
by Gerald
Lascelles

WHEN SUBMITTING NAMES of appropriate jazzmen for a recent critics' poll, I took pleasure in suggesting Sonny Terry as an outstanding contributor in his *metier*—as a harmonica player. You may think this suggestion frivolous, but I can assure you that his blowing and singing on Topic's release is worth hearing, especially to those who do not find authentic blues too unsophisticated. He may not match Larry Adler for technique, but he possesses a natural "earthy" sense of rhythm and lyricism which I find immensely enjoyable. Terry also joins forces with his long-time associate Brownie McGhee for another Topic album, where the forceful lyrics add weight to the twin voices.

Muddy Waters is another country blues singer, and a powerful guitarist into the bargain. When I heard him here last year he struck me as being



Boy (in unlikely guise) meets girl. Jack Lemmon and Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*, a film which combines nostalgia for the prohibition era with the humours of female impersonation

much more sophisticated than his work on his latest record conveys. Muddy has carried a hunk of blues from his Clarksdale, Mississippi home to Chicago, where he now sings regularly; his audience comprises the vast number of migrant Negroes from the south, together with those who find no satisfaction from the empty toneless nonsense which passes for contemporary jazz.

Many legends have grown around early New Orleans musicians, but few relate to the early white jazzmen. Papa Laine, who is in his 88th year, claims to have been the first of the few; some of his bandsmen got together and recorded a tribute to the old man, which is rather sad and ironical, as I am sure he played much better jazz than any of those on the session released by Oriole. The best perennial legend in white jazz, however, still attaches itself to Bix Beiderbecke, with some justification. His Fontana reissues make delightful listening, and prove that the Chicago jazzmen, albeit copyists, had the edge on those who came from the fountain-head.

A brace of interesting piano records are to hand, both tackling the same impossible task from slightly different angles. RCA-Camden provide a worthwhile cross-section of jazz piano down the ages, even if some of the selections are not the best examples of their performers. In particular, I commend the opening track by Oscar Peterson, a 1947 version of "Sheik of Araby," which shows him swinging up with the greatest of all time, Tatum, Johnson, Waller, and Hines. Some of Peterson's contemporary work has earned my disapproval, but this one proves the exception. The Fontana album of barrelhouse piano has equal possibilities in a slightly narrower medium. The great boogie woogie revival took place in the States between 1939 and 1941; all these tracks were recorded in that period, and feature prominently Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, and Meade Lux Lewis. My own choice falls on the most primitive of these pianists, Jimmy Yancey, whose blues have few equals in the realms of pure jazz, whilst Mary Lou Williams, who is well featured on both records, shows the most embracing knowledge of the happy blend of rhythm and harmony.

Those who enthuse, as I do, about trumpeter Jonah Jones's quartet may find it hard to reconcile Dave Brubeck's approach to quartet music as he portrayed it in Europe. The running stream of

continued overleaf

THE RECORDS:

The best of Muddy Waters
12-in. L.P.

£1 15s. 9½d.
London LTZ-M15152

Sonny Terry
Harmonica blues
10-in. L.P.
£1 8s. 2d.
Topic 10T30

Bix Beiderbecke
The legendary Bix
E.P. 10s. 7d.
Fontana
TFE17059/60

Great jazz pianists
12-in. L.P.
£1 6s. 2½d.
Camden CDN118

Barrelhouse, boogie woogie and blues
10-in. L.P.
£1 7s. 10d.
Fontana TFR6018

Jonah Jones
Swinging at the cinema
12-in. L.P.
£1 12s. 0½d.
Capitol T1083

pianistic comment only rivals the verbosity of those who sent him on this mission.

I have listened in vain for the spark with which Sandy Williams set alight *The Boy Friend* to be reignited in *Valmouth*. It just does not happen, to my great disappointment, despite the presence of Cleo Laine. Mr. Wilson seems to have resorted to cabaret material for his successful numbers—the rest lack the potential which makes for hit tunes or hit shows.



Ida Kar

Erskine Caldwell, chronicler of America's hill-billy fringe (*Tobacco Road*, *God's Little Acre*) has just had two widely different books published by Heinemann. They are *Molly Cottontail*, his first book for children, and *A House In The Uplands*, a return to the theme of Southern decadence. He is seen with his wife

Mademoiselle was larger than life

BOOKS
by *Siriol*
Hugh-Jones

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST, the biographer of three formidable female saints, relishes a magnificent heroine. She has found one who is both larger than life and yet most touchingly, vulnerably human in the arrogant, extra-tall, big-nosed, good-hearted raging aristocrat with a touch of the clown, the cousin of Louis XIV who was known to one and all as La Grande Mademoiselle. There she sits in the stupendous frontispiece, comical yet serene and daunting, heroically, colossally accoutred with helmet, shield and flag and the family smile, supporting in a lordly manner a grand portrait of her father and looking superbly unselfconscious about the whole thing.

Daughter of France, the life of Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, Duchesse de Montpensier, is the history of an extremely grand person written with a passionate understanding and a high degree of personal involvement. Miss Sackville-West, thoroughly bewitched—though far from intimidated—by Mademoiselle, conveys a blazing enthusiasm and compassion for this extraordinary woman ("I could not bear to think of her in pain, even 266 years ago") and one is filled with an awesome sensation of witnessing a salute between kindred spirits over a couple of centuries.

I am totally under the spell of this book, which is elegantly written in a beautiful limpid style, witty in a dry cool way, and partisan in a way that is anything but dry and cool. The life and astonishing times of Mademoiselle are marshalled without

fuss or confusion, crammed with plotting cardinals, poor sad muddled queens, appalling arranged marriages in adolescence, fearful prison sentences and unspeakable deaths. (Miss Sackville-West is unnerved by practically nothing, but one does get the feeling that possibly the women had a tougher time of it on the whole.) Through it all she keeps a clear kindling eye firmly fixed on her central figure, who emerges as the most human and lovable of mighty personages, stubborn and strangely pure in a corrupt society, and most touching in her disastrous middle-aged passion for the enigmatic and fascinating Lauzun—whom the biographer, after quite a struggle, cannot finally bring herself to dislike.

The book is hypnotically readable, and full of enchanting details. When Mademoiselle was in her teens, gentlemen wore stockings in colours exotically named dying monkey, rejoicing widow, resuscitated corpse and mortal sin. And in the billiard-room of the house she built, years later, at Choisy, there was a portrait of the Comte de Toulouse, aged two, Grand Admiral of France, shown as a tiny sea-god sitting on a shell. The Admiral was shy during sittings, and "insisted on being carried by his valet, saying, 'Picard, don't desert me'."

This is the sort of history I care about with all my heart. And how Miss Sackville-West makes one care about La Grande Mademoiselle, planning gardens, sacking Le Notre, having brisk awkward conversations with Charles II, dreading official suitors, remarking calmly that smallpox had taken away the blotchiness of her complexion, popping her militant head through a hole in the gate to Orleans, to which she had laid siege, and weeping great buckets of unquenchable tears over Lauzun.

Briefly *The Bright Young Things*, by Amanda Vail (a cover-name for the American novelist Warren Miller), continues the saga of Emily and Amy, the schoolgirls who strove so doggedly for an Interesting Experience in *Love Me Little*. The dauntless pair, now three years older, bring it off this time. Miss Vail is becoming less brittle and is in danger of developing a heart, which I think is perhaps a pity. Lots of it is funny, all the same, especially an academic instructor in Fiction Writing ("I've got my own crazy voice and no one else has got it. It's my own marvellously sick voice.") On the back of the jacket there is a picture of the author—bewigged?—with giant hands and wrists like trees, which is the most scaring thing I have seen for weeks. . . . Geoffrey Wagner's *A Summer Stranger* is a smashing romp about how Peter becomes tutor to the curious son of the arrogant Lady Illingworth, who wears barbaric rings, clears five-bar gates contemptuously on her big bay, is constantly revealing all through diaphanous nightgowns, and chucks chinchilla wraps, exuding perfume almost aggressively, on to chairs. Lady Illingworth puts up a gallant fight, but her daughter Lindane, who has chaste and vulnerable fingers and no barbaric jewellery whatsoever, gets Peter in the end. . . . Nabokov's *Dozen* is an elegant, funny, odd and lyrical collection of expert short stories by Vladimir Nabokov who wrote the novel I must by now be quite alone in not having yet read. . . . and *Light in Silence* by Claude Koch is an odd, rather steamily intense novel, written in heavily mannered prose, about a religious community and the problems of faith, doubt, vocation and lack of it that heave and hum inside its walls. Some of the characters are vivid and memorable, and stories of leaps over the monastery or nunnery wall are always fascinating anyway—but the atmosphere of enormous solemnity, of everything having some vast looming significance, caused me to develop strong sales-resistance by the end.

THE BOOKS

Daughter of France
by V. Sackville-West
(Michael Joseph 25s.)

The bright young things
by Amanda Vail
(Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.)

A summer stranger
by Geoffrey Wagner
(Alvin Redman, 15s.)

Nabokov's dozen
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Heinemann, 15s.)

Light in silence
by Claude Koch
(Gollancz, 16s.)

Counter Spy

sends news of French fabrics and four services for the individual shopper



Above: *Made-to-measure knitwear, an Italian idea, is obtainable from Florenti's boutique, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Shown is the top of a middie suit in anthracite grey and white wool, price: complete about 24 gns. Tailored suits are lined and interlined, and cost 24 to 28 gns. Dresses, from 22 to 24 gns. Cocktail dresses, 30 to 34 gns.*

Neil Peppe



Left: *There is an increasing interest in doing tapestry work and Seldon Tapestries, 45 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, aim to provide individual service. Their speciality is squares of canvas, as here, which can be put together, stretched and lined by them to make a rug. 14-inch and 16-inch squares (wool included) cost 3 gns. and 4 gns.*

Right *The London School of Weaving and the Kensington Weavers (Associated), give individual private tuition. They also hand-weave tweeds, rugs, furnishing materials, etc. (largely to order) and carry limited stocks like the stole shown in pink and white (about 3 gns.) and the tablemat in linen (1 gn.). Kensington Weavers are at 136 Kensington Church St., W.8*



Minette Shepard

BEAUTY AND THE CLOCK

• MAQUIVIT

• SUPPLE FOUNDATION

• NEO-SATIN LIPSTICK



LANCÔME



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MOTORING

Controversy on construction

by GORDON WILKINS

*The Rover 3-litre—
latest example
of the half-way
type in unit
structure*



THE CORRESPONDENCE I have received since my article on safety belts appeared, shows that a lot of people are interested in the possibilities of minimizing injuries in car accidents and that they study the safety characteristics of the cars they are buying with more care than some manufacturers seem to imagine.

A doctor wrote recently: "As an experienced driver, interested in the mechanical side of his cars and one who derives pleasure from fast motoring when opportunity fairly offers, I feel very unhappy about the method of construction of the modern small car. I have driven a variety of modern mono-construction small cars, and my own opinion based on this experience and on observations (including 1. the death of Mike Hawthorn, 2. the admission by experienced owners of fast small cars that they dare not drive them to their designed speeds because of their flimsiness and instability, and 3. the appalling results I have seen from one or two crashed models in accidents at only moderate speeds) have confirmed me in my determination not to acquire a mono-construction car if I can avoid it."

He went on to say that he once experienced a head-on crash at 40 m.p.h. in an old Rolls-Royce, escaped with no more than a shaking and drove the car 10 miles to a garage, and accuses modern car manufacturers of "unprecedented disregard for the humanities."

His views are strong, but not uncommon. I think he over-states the case and oversimplifies the issues. People get hurt in accidents because they are decelerated faster than the body can stand and so are dashed against the parts of the car or the road. They may also be crushed because part of the vehicle collapses on them; the steering wheel or engine is forced back or the roof caves in.

Weight is a protection because it usually provides more strength to resist crushing and it makes the vehicle more difficult to stop in an impact. If a private car hits a truck head-on the occupants of the car are usually killed or injured while the truck driver escapes with bruises, unless his load slides forward and crushes him. The truck is difficult to crush, but being heavy it also ploughs into the other vehicle and reduces the deceleration experienced by the driver. If a human being travelling at 40 m.p.h. is brought to rest in two feet in a crash, the body is subjected to a load of nearly two tons. If the stopping distance is increased to four feet, the load is reduced to one ton. Tests on rocket-propelled sledges, by a very brave American medical officer named Stapp, have proved that when properly sup-

ported the human being can survive either force; but if a heavy car halves the load it obviously increases the chance of survival.

It is no use telling manufacturers they should make their cars heavier. Many once popular makes have disappeared because they put on weight and were outsold by lighter and livelier rivals. Popular cars cost 4s. 7d. to 4s. 11d. per lb. before tax (less than beef steak or the better kind of fish) and if they weigh more, they must cost more. Any manufacturer who added half a ton of weight to a popular model might as well close down.

The comparison should therefore be made between unit construction and separate-chassis cars of the same weight. But even the argument between light and heavy cars is not entirely one-sided. A heavy vehicle hitting a solid object may remain relatively undamaged but throw its passengers through the windscreen. A lighter vehicle and especially a unit-construction job in the same type of accident may crumple at the front and absorb some of the shock.

Unlike some of the doctor's friends, I regularly drive a small light car to its designed speeds undeterred by thoughts of flimsiness or instability. It happens to be a rear-engined model, and I have seen a number of them which have been involved in head-on crashes. In every case, the whole front end had folded up right back to the screen pillars. The windscreen remained unbroken and the occupants escaped almost unhurt, because of the shock absorbing qualities of the structure. People sometimes say they like to have an engine in front of them as a protection, but it is not much help if it comes back and breaks your legs.

Stability and road holding is primarily governed by suspension design and weight distribution. For a given weight it may well be better on a unit-construction car because it will almost certainly have higher torsional

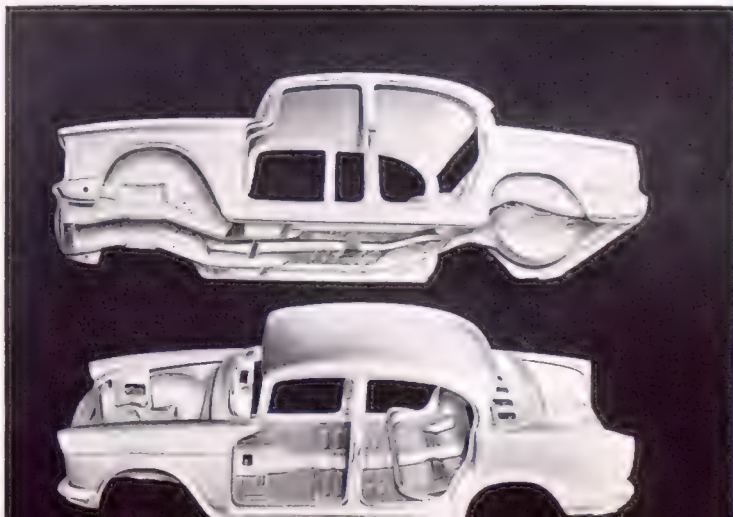
rigidity than a car with separate chassis. A lot of the strength in a unit structure goes into the roof, which is why it may offer better protection in a roll-over.

Insurance companies complain of the high cost of repairing unit structures, and the car dumps always reveal a good selection of such structures which have been scrapped because it was not economic to repair them, but in some cases the passengers may have escaped serious injury because the structure absorbed the shock—by crumpling. Ferry Porsche once told me, "We have some owners who have written off two cars without hurting themselves." An unusually high proportion of his cars are used for racing and other competitions, and are therefore more liable to be involved in spectacular crashes than more sedate makes. He has no doubt that the light unit structure has valuable safety factors.

At present unit body-chassis structures are in the vast majority among popular European cars and they are invading the larger sizes. A half-way type is exemplified by Mercedes, Rover and the big Humbers, where front suspension and the front engine mountings are carried on a detachable sub-frame on the front of a unit body structure.

Unfortunately we have as yet no means of accurately evaluating the relative safety merits of the various systems, and we urgently need a scheme of accident analysis such as the Cornell University investigation.

Summing up, I would say that weight for weight, a separate chassis probably offers better protection against side impacts, but the unit structure may be better in end-on impacts or in a roll-over. At present those who prefer a separate chassis have only a limited choice among popular models, but they will shortly be offered a new model with a separate chassis and many other interesting ideas to reduce repair and maintenance costs.



*Largest unit
structure so far
made in England—
for the Hummer Hawk
and Super Snipe*

BEAUTY

Fresh as the season

by JEAN CLELAND

Above: The hair is swept from the forehead in fluid lines. Below: The well-groomed look to frame a pretty face. By André Bernard

THE LONDON SEASON is under way—an exciting time when débutantes will want to “feel pretty” and look fresh from one dawn to the next. But thrilling as all this may be, even the resilience of youth will flag if social engagements crowd in too thick and fast. Nothing robs the face of its prettiness more quickly than fatigue.

An occasional early night is the obvious answer. For young people—whose sleep, as a rule, is deep and sound—it is worth all the beauty treatments in the world. Another simple and natural way of bringing new life to the looks when they are tired, is to start the day with a few deep breathing exercises.

By filling your lungs with fresh oxygen, you renew your whole system, enrich the blood stream, and bring fresh natural colour into your cheeks. Breathe in deeply—don't just sniff—expanding the diaphragm and the ribs. Hold the air while you count ten slowly, then breathe out. Try it for a few mornings and see for yourselves.

Most people think of a clear young

skin as perfection. So it should be but it's not always the case. A youthful complexion is often marred by spots and pimples, which, small in themselves, loom so large in the mind as to cloud pleasure and sap confidence. The instinct is to try and camouflage them; unfortunately this often aggravates the trouble. An international beautician, Anna Pegova, has overcome this difficulty by creating special preparations. These can be used on skins prone to acne without irritating them. They are called *Aenelia*, and comprise three things, foundation, powder, and cleansing milk, all of which come under that heading. They are obtainable from the Beauty Clinic in Wigmore Street.

A touch of make-up does wonders for bringing a pale face into flower, but it must be applied with skill. Never use too much foundation. If you do, far from making the make-up last, it simply spoils it and tends to make it blotchy. Just a spot here and there, well patted in, is the correct way. Be sure to choose one that is suitable to your type of skin.

As a rule, a cream is best for the dry type, and a liquid for the oily. Those who belong to the last group will be pleased to hear that Charles of the Ritz's famous *Skin Bloom* cream, which has long been a great favourite, can now be had in lotion form. This spreads easily and quickly over the skin, and is called *Skin Bloom Lotion*.

Hair is of “top” importance when one wants to look on the crest of the wave. I talked about styles for the débutantes to André Bernard who designed the two on this page specially for our London Season Number. He also had this advice to offer:

“Hair should be washed every week, irrespective of the type of hair, or where you live. Before shampooing, wash and sterilize all your combs and brushes by dropping a few spots of ammonia into a bowl of water. This will lift out the dirt immediately. Rinse with clear warm water.”

“You don't borrow someone else's tooth-brush, so never use someone else's comb. For dry hair, use a scalp health-giving oil shampoo, for normal hair a cream shampoo, for hair that becomes greasy between hair-do's an astringent lemon cream shampoo. For lank, greasy hair André Bernard's *C Shampoo*—a scientific formula which gently removes surplus grease emanating from over-active sebaceous cells. It requires 8 to 10 treatments. The result is soft, easily manageable hair.”

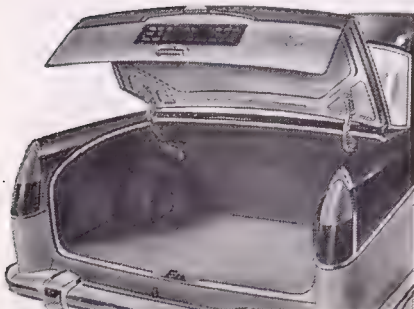
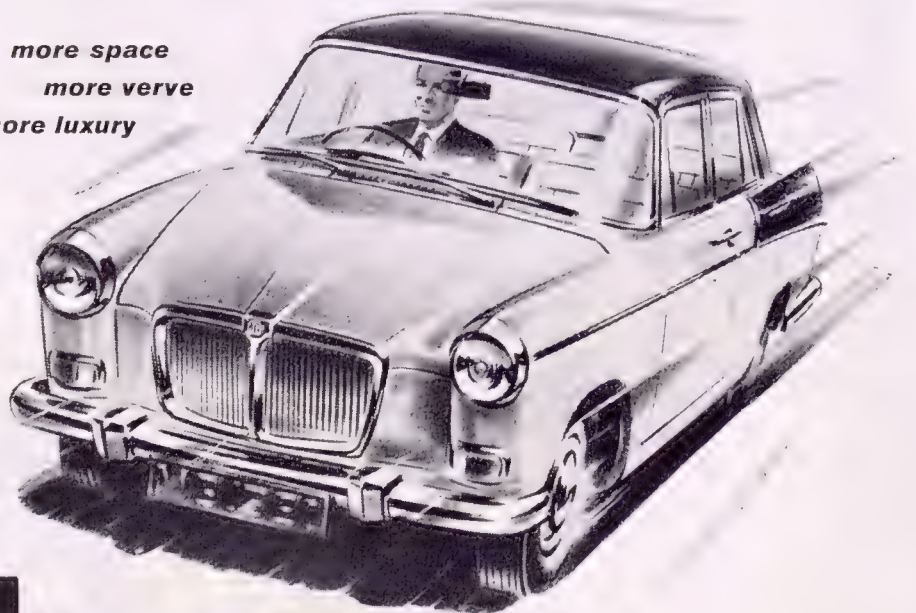
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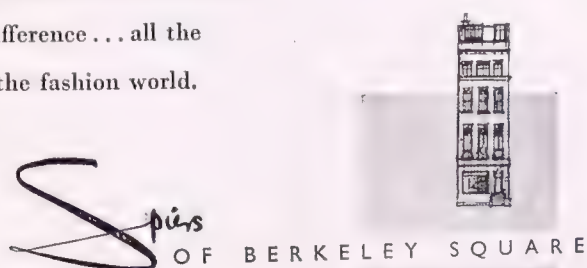
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The present Duke of Manchester

From Montagu to Manchester

by L. G. PINE

DURING THE TUDOR PERIOD many an able lawyer made his way into the peerage. The vast changes in the land tenures of England, following on the confiscation of many nobles' estates, the dissolution of the monasteries, and the appearance of new law courts (like the Star Chamber), with new crimes to try, gave clever young men, especially if they were willing to follow the directions of the Court, great opportunities for advancement. Foremost among these was Sir Edward Montagu. He was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and later of the Common Pleas. He served on the Privy Council and was one of the executors of Henry VIII's will. Sir Edward's posterity did not fail in ability or good fortune. From one of them descended the Dukes of Montagu, now extinct, Sir Edward's grandson, Sir Henry Montagu, was created Duke of Manchester, from whom the present holder of the title descends.

What was the origin of the Montagus? Were they descended from the old Montagus or De Monteautes, of the medieval period? Their arms would lead one to think so. In the coat-of-arms of the Dukes of Manchester are the three lozenges in a serrated line which was a play on the name of the Monteautes, i.e. De Monte Acuto. But this charge is surrounded by a bordure, which has often been taken to be a sign of descent from a bastard, and indeed some old writers traced the Montagus of the Tudor times to a natural son of one of the old Montacute Earls of Salisbury. The Monthermer arms, also part of the Monteaute heraldic heritage, appear now in the arms of the Dukes of Manchester.

A more prosaic and ordinary

origin can really be assigned according to the *Complete Peerage* to the ancestry of Sir Edward Montagu, the Tudor judge. The first in the pedigree is one William Ladde of Hanging Houghton, a hamlet of the parish of Lamport, Northants. He occurs as a witness to the execution of some deeds. His son, Richard Ladde, is also known to us through the agency of deeds of land transference. But in the later documents which have been preserved he is called Montague. It is thought that he had some claim to Montague inheritances even though he may not have been a blood relation. Our ancestors had no difficulty about adopting names, and indeed there is no legal barrier to stop anyone now from taking whatever name he fancies. With the adoption of a name which was often connected with inheritance of land, went too the adoption of the arms of a family. So Ladde, alias—the alias had no bad connotation in those days—Montague, took the arms of the old Montagues but varied by the bordure surrounding the shield. In 1604 Sir Edward Montagu, grandson of the judge, was challenged about his use of the Montagu arms. He replied that his family had used them from time immemorial with the black bordure. From time immemorial would not be a bad description for the period of 150 years, the distance between 1604 and the original yeoman, William Ladde.

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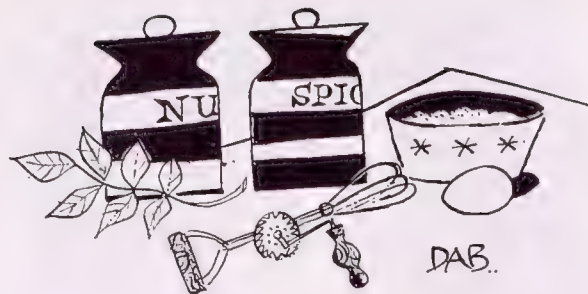
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DINING IN

An off-beat mayonnaise

by HELEN BURKE

THE SEASON for cold dishes is rushing towards us and (for the time being at any rate) we shall revel in them because they will be a relief from the more sturdy meals of recent months.

Suddenly I remember a sauce we used to make many years ago. We called it "mayonnaise," which was not quite right because it was made with a whole egg, not the yolk only. My memory was jogged into remembering it when a man friend who cooks well but who has little patience with left-over egg whites, yet hates to throw them away, grumbled about wasting them.

From such a distant past I could not recall what the sauce was actually like, but our economy "mayonnaise" came to mind. Straightaway I made it once again, and highly satisfactory it was.

For a whole egg, allow 4 to 5 oz. olive oil. Break the egg into a basin, stir it just enough to combine the yolk and white, then (stirring all the time) start to add the oil drop by drop. When a little more than half has been used pour the remainder in a thin, steady stream, stirring briskly all the time. Finally, add a teaspoon or so of lemon juice or tarragon vinegar and salt and white pepper (or a tiny pinch of Cayenne) to taste.

This "mayonnaise" is less firm than one made with egg yolk only, but it is perfectly good for dressing potato and mixed vegetable salads and, with asparagus, it is ideal as the base of a sauce for shellfish cocktails. For this sauce add to the above amount 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup or tubed tomato purée and a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. I also added the tip of a teaspoon of curry powder and a teaspoon of sherry. A good pinch of paprika might be added, too.

So there you are! Should you have a frugal mind, make this sauce. For lobster, salmon or chicken mayonnaise, however, I shall still keep to the yolk-only recipe. The real mayonnaise is

made in the manner described above, with the same amount of oil and other ingredients, but no egg white.

When I had another go at the economy "mayonnaise" using my electric mixer the result was a fluffy, light sauce, which I am not at all sure I would want.

I used the whole-egg "mayonnaise" in the following tunny-vegetable salad (for 4) and it was good: Mix in a bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon each of tarragon vinegar and olive oil, a dessertspoon of chopped chives and a teaspoon of chopped parsley. Add 2 oz. white unopened mushrooms (raw), 1 cup sliced fennel (the thick bulbous base) and a cup of sliced blanched chicory. Turn them over and over to coat them with the dressing. Add the tunny from a 7-oz. can, broken into suitable pieces, and 3 to 4 tablespoons of the "mayonnaise." Leave until ready to serve. Turn out on to a platter and surround with quartered hard-boiled eggs, quartered skinned tomatoes and, in between them, little bunches of watercress.

Writing of left-over egg whites reminds me that it will not be long before raspberries are available for a delicious soufflé. Meanwhile there are frozen, sweetened, fresh raspberries which do as well.

Defrost a package and rub them through a sieve fine enough to catch the seeds. Mix a dessertspoon of kirsch into the fruit. Whip 3 egg whites until they are stiff and fold the raspberry purée through and through them. Have ready a soufflé dish about 7 inches in diameter. Turn the mixture into it and finish the top with a swirl from the tip of the spoon. Bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven (425 to 450 deg. F. or gas mark 7 to 8). Single cream, passed round with the soufflé, rounds off a pleasant sweet.

When unfrozen raspberries arrive, sweeten them to taste and proceed as above.



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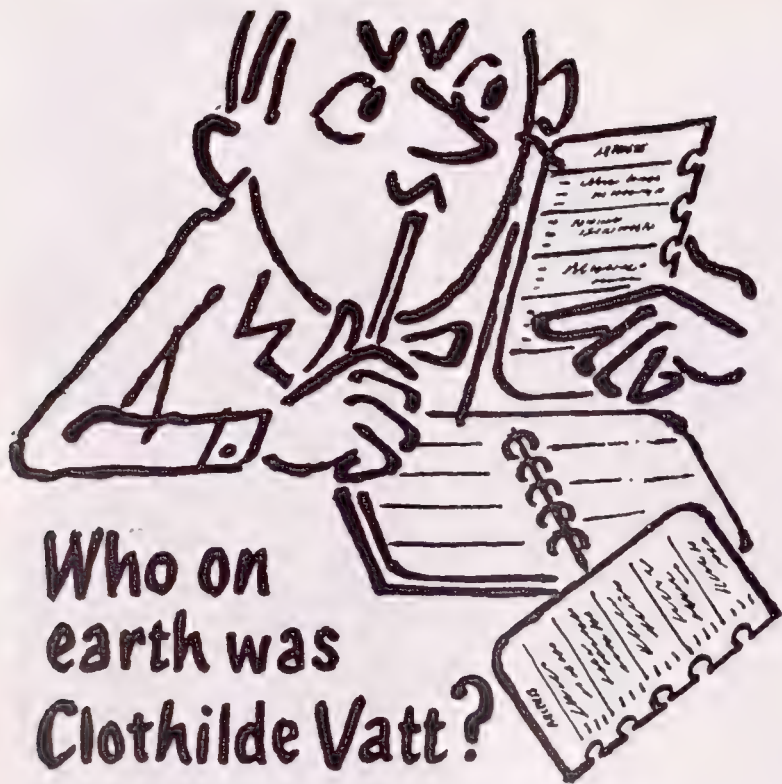
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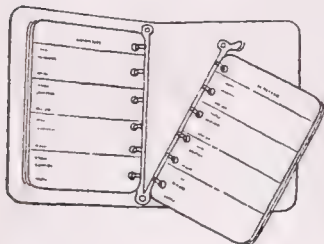
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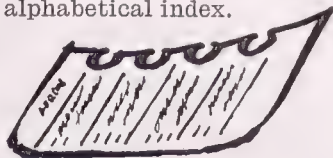
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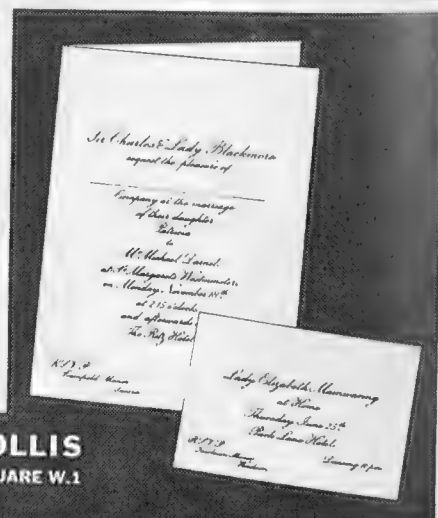
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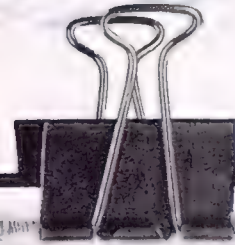
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By Appointment
To H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh
Outfitters
Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.

The line to take



How does a man on holiday line up clothes for every occasion, yet still travel light? This double-duty shirt in satin-checked cotton is one good answer to the problem. It can be worn open-necked with a scarf, yet the collar sets perfectly with a tie. Cool, comfortable and admirably cut, this Simpson shirt is on just the right lines, anywhere under the sun. The price is £3.10.0.



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These men would have been perfectly happy to settle for the sun, the sea and the sky. It wasn't until they had begun to pool information and ideas that they really discovered just how favourable this climate is. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here, in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman gets an *intimate* line on the prospects in Australia and the East.

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To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Wine Merchants
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HARVEY'S

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM
HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK
HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY





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Drambuie



BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR



GEORGE DENNIS WAS WRONG —*completely* *wrong!*

THE CAR TURNED INTO THE SHORT STRAIGHT DRIVE, crunched slightly on the gravel, and stopped. There was the faint click of the ignition key, and the engine ceased its steady beat.

George Dennis opened the door, stepped out, and stretched himself. 'Not a bad journey', he thought, 'but it's good to be back'.

His car had done its normal weekly miracle. Five hundred and fifty miles on business journeys through lanes, streets, main roads—over cobbles, smooth macadam and plain mud. One hundred and thirty stops with the engine running. Thirty-seven stops with the engine idle. Acceleration, braking, weaving and straight high speed.

Over four million engine revolutions had carried George Dennis through his week's work. Three-ton power blows on each of the piston heads had accumulated to the enormous force of 72,000,000 tons. Receiving these blows were small bearings, no bigger than a cinema ticket in size. Smoothly, the pistons had made their swift way up and down the cylinder walls.

As he pocketed his keys, George patted the car and murmured, 'Nothing more for you to worry about until Monday'.

George Dennis was wrong—completely wrong! Like most motorists, George thought that engine wear takes place only when the engine is running. In fact, it also takes place when the engine is idle.

And, more important, the average car is idle for

90 per cent of its life. *Yes, ninety per cent.* George didn't realise this either.

As he locked the garage doors, he thought his car was well protected. It was... externally, but the engine was condemned to more wear. Corrosive wear.

What George didn't know was that condensation inside the cooled cylinders could cause corrosive wear while the car was idle. And that meant all night... every night... and during the day, too.

He didn't know about this until one day he stopped a little longer than usual at his garage. He chatted to the foreman who told him about this wear and how he could prevent it.

George took his advice and changed to the motor oil that protects engines when they're idle as well as when they're running. He changed to Esso Extra Motor Oil.

Of course, he still doesn't know how Esso technicians developed and produced this unique oil. Or how the oil molecules cling to the cylinder walls like limpets when the engine is idle. Or how this almost permanent film gives instant lubrication as the engine starts. Or even how it helps the engine to run better at speed.

All he knows is that the engine is purring smoothly and is as powerful as ever. And somehow he feels he's now doing all he can to protect his engine against wear. He's right. He's using Esso Extra Motor Oil, the oil that stays on the job.

Are you?

ADVT



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in London—

THE NEW GIN IN THE NEW BOTTLE!

SEAGERS OF LONDON'S crystal-clear bottle
reflects the true spirit of their new supremely SMOOTH gin

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THE NEW SMOOTH GIN THAT MIXES IN!